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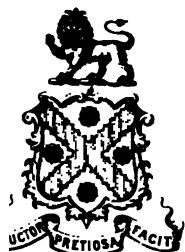
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ENGLAND'S HELICON.

A

COLLECTION OF
Pastoral and Lyric Poems,

FIRST PUBLISHED
AT THE CLOSE OF THE REIGN OF
Q. ELIZABETH.

THE THIRD EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED:
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET-STREET,
FOR ROBERT TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

1812.

67



ROY W. B.
CLERK
Y. A. B.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE First Edition of this Collection was published in 1600, and contained an hundred and fifty poems. The second possessing nine additional pieces, appeared in 1614. Both editions are exceedingly rare ; and their introductory variations and additions are now reprinted. In Major Pearson's sale the first sold for 5*l.* 10*s.*—and the same copy again in George Steevens's, produced 11*l.* 15*s.* The second sold for 7*l.* 10*s.* in Dr. Farmer's collection—and when a copy of either may again be publicly sold it will undoubtedly be found that its relative value has been considerably increased.

The Editors are indebted to their esteemed friend, Mr. PARK, for the transcript used for the Printer, By Mr. MALONE, they have been obliged with an inspection of the first edition ; and they have also to acknowledge a long continued loan of the second, by the favour of Mr. HEBER ; whose valuable assistance on such occasions claims universal acknowledgment.

S. E. BRYDGES.

J. HASLEWOOD.

MOY VAN
2184
VIA 201

ENGLAND'S
HELICON,
OR
THE MVSES
HARMONY.

*The Courts of Kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines.*

LONDON:

**Printed for RICHARD MORE; and are to
be sould at his Shop in S. Dunstons
Church yard. 1614.**

To the truly
vertuous and
Honourable Lady, the Lady

ELIZABETH CAREE.

Deigne worthy Lady, (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from enuies pawe and times abuse,
The tunefull noates of these our shepheards reeds.

Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
That as it riuers haue been seene to daunce,
When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.

The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
And bright Apollo to these layes hath giuen
So great a gift, that any fauouring
The shepheards quill, shall with the lights of heauen

Haue equall fate: then cherrish these (faire stem)
So shall they liue by thee, and thou by them.

Your honours

ouer to command,

RICHARD MORE.

*The Table of all the Songs and Pastorals, with the
Authors' names, contained in this Booke.*

Songs.	Authors.
'The Shepheard to his chosen Nimph	Sir Phil. Sidney.
A Shepheards Edillion	E. B.
Astrophels Loue is dead	Sir Phil. Sidney.
A Palinode	E. B.
Astrophel the Shepheard in complaint to his flocke	Sir Phil. Sydney.
Hobbinol's dittie in praise of Eliza Queene of the Shepheards	Edm. Spens.
The Shepheards Daffadill	Michael Drayton.
A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie	Edmund Bolton.
Millicertus Madrigal	Ro. Greene.
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Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay	Edmund Spence.
Phillida and Coridon	N. Breton.
To Colia Cloute	Shepheard Tonie.
Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beia	Mich. Draiton.
The barginet of Antimachus	Thom. Lodge.
Menaphon's Roundelay	Ro. Greene.
A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon	N. Breton.
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A Sweet Pastorall	N. Breton.

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The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this dittie. ...	Tho. Watson.
Colin Cloute's mournfull dittie for the death of Astrophell.	Edm. Spen.
Damæus ligge in praise of his Loue.	John Wootton.
Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe.	Thom. Lodge.
The Complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Shepheard.	L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.
To Phillis the faire Shepheardesse.	S. E. D.
The Shepheard Doron's ligge.	Ro. Greene.
Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.	N. Breton.
The passionate Shepheard's Song.	W. Shakespeare.
The unknowne Shepheard's Complaint.	Ignoto.
Another of the same Shepheard's.	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's Allusion of his owne amorous Infelicitie, to the Offence of Actæon.	T. Watson.
Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.	Thom. Lodge.
Phæbe's Sonnet a reply to Montanus passion.	Thom. Lodge.
Coridon's Supplication to Phillis.	N. Breton.
Damæta's Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.	I. Wootton.
Doron's description of his faire Shepheardesse Samela.	Ro. Greene.
Wodenfielde's Song in praise of Amargana.	W. H.
Another of the same.	W. H.
An excellent pastoral dittie.	Shep. Tonie.
Phillidae's loue call to her Coridon and his replying.	Ignoto.
The Shepheard's Solace.	Tho. Watson.
Syrenus Song to Eugerius.	Bar. Yong.
The Shepheard's Arsiueus reply to Syrenus Song.	Bar. Yong.
A Shepheard's dreame.	N. Breton.
The Shepheard's Ode.	Rich. Barnefield.
The Shepheards Commendation of his nimph.	Earle of Oxenford.
Coridon to his Phillis.	S. E. Dyer.
The Shepheard's description of Loue.	Ignoto.
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Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song, complaining of Ismeniaes cruelty... Bar. Yong.	
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Syrenus his Song to Dianaes flockes	Bar. Yong.
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Philon the Shepheard, his Song	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song	Out of M. Morleye's Madrigals.
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Another to his Cynthia	Ignoto.
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Finis.

INTRODUCTION.

IT was the intention of the admirable historian of English Poetry, had he lived to complete his fourth volume, to have classed or considered the numerous "poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign under the general heads or divisions of SATIRE, SONNET, PASTORAL, and MISCELLANEOUS poetry." Spenser would have stood "alone without a class, and without a rival."

The volume now reprinted contains the best, if not the only collection of the third, or PASTORAL division. And it will be difficult to account for the work having so long remained locked up in the repositories of the curious; such being its scarcity, that of the only two editions which have hitherto passed the press the most diligent investigation can very rarely procure the sight of a copy.

The first edition was in 1600, *printed by I. R. for John Flasket, 4to.* The second edition was in 1614, *printed for Richard More, 8vo.*

But if its rarity were all the volume has to recommend it, perhaps there might, in the eye of reason, be some pretence for condemning the wonder that it has not hitherto been rendered more accessible to modern readers by a re-impression. It is true that Dr. Percy, Mr. Geo. Ellis, and Mr. Malone, have gathered a few of its still flourishing flowers. Yet if it shall appear that the greater portion of its contents possess real merit, ought it to have remained so long a sealed treasure?

Towards the close of that century, at the commencement of which this work appeared, it was still considered as the chief collection in its day of its own class of poetry, as is evident from several passages of Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675.

Of Dr. THOMAS LODGE he speaks as "a physician, who flourished in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was one

of the writers of those *pretty, old Songs and Madrigals, which were very much the strain of those times.*"

Of THOMAS STORER, as "one of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's times, of those pastoral airs and madrigals, of which we have a collection in a book called *Eng'and's Helicon.*"

Of THOMAS WATSON, as "a cotemporary imitator of Sir Philip Sidney, together with Bartholomew Young, Doctor Lodge, and several others, in that pastoral strain of poetry in Sonnets and Madrigals already mentioned."

Of NICHOLAS BRETON, as "a writer of poetical Sonnets, canzons and Madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other cotemporary imitators of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney in a published collection of selected Odes, of the chief pastoral sonnetteers, &c. of that age"

Of ROBERT GREENE, as "one of the pastoral sonnet makers of Queen Elizabeth's time, contemporary with Dr. Lodge, with whom he was associated in the writing of several comedies, namely, the Laws of Nature; Lady Alimony; Liberality and Prodigality; and a Masque called Luminalia; besides which he wrote alone the comedies of Friar Bacon, and Fair Emme."

Of GEORGE PEELE as "a somewhat antiquated English Bard of Queen Elizabeth's date, some remains of whose pretty pastoral poetry we have extant in a collection entitled *England's Helicon.*"

Of RICHARD BARNFIELD as "one of the same rank in poetry with Doctor Lodge, Robert Greene, Nicholas Breton, and other contemporaries already mentioned in the foregoing treatise of the moderns."

Of MICHAEL DRAYTON, as "contemporary of Spenser and Sir Philip Sydney, and for fame and renown in poetry, not much inferior in his time to either: however he seems somewhat antiquated in the esteem of the more curious in these times, especially in his Polyolbion, the old fashioned kind of verse whereof seems somewhat to diminish that respect which was formerly paid to the subject as being both pleasant and elaborate; and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once walking library of our nation, Selden. His
England's

England's Heroical Epistles are more generally liked; and to such as love the pretty chat of nymphs and shepherds, his nymphals and other things of that nature cannot be unpleasant."

Of SIR WALTER RALEIGH, as "a person both sufficiently known in history, and by his History of the World; and seems also by the character given him by the author of the Art of English Poetry, to have expressed himself more a poet than the little we have extant of his poetry seems to import: *for ditty and amorous ode*, saith he, * *I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty insolent and passionate.*"

Of SIR EDWARD DYER, as "a person of good account in Queen Elizabeth's reign, poetically addicted, several of whose pastoral Odes and Madrigals are extant in a printed Collection of certain choice pieces of some of the most eminent poets of that time."

If we examine these poems with the acuteness of criticism directed by taste and tempered by candour, we shall find much to commend and admire; and perhaps more than a little which derives its only value from its antiquity. Hume has with the soundest judgment spoken of an elegant simplicity as the last attainment of good writing. He speaks of "the glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words" as being "seized with avidity by a bad taste; and even perhaps by a good taste ere surfeited by them: they multiply every day more and more in the fashionable compositions; nature and good sense are neglected: laboured ornaments are studied and admired: and a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance."—"On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is as yet raw and unformed, this false glitter catches the eye, and leaves no room either in eloquence or poetry for the durable beauties of solid sense and living passion."—"It was not till late that observation and reflection gave rise to a more natural turn of thought and composition among the

* See Puttenham's Art of Poetry, edited by Mr. HASLEWOOD, 1811, 4to. p. 51.

French. A like character may be extended to the first English writers; such as flourished during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and even till long afterwards. Learning on its revival in this island was attired in the same unnatural garb, which it wore at the time of its decay among the Greeks and the Romans."—"I shall venture to affirm, that whatever uncouth phrases and expressions occur in old books, they were owing chiefly to the unformed taste of the author; and that the language spoken in the courts of Elizabeth and James was very little different from that which we meet with at present in good company. Of this opinion, the little scraps of speeches which are found in the parliamentary journals, and which carry an air so opposite to the laboured orations, seem to be a sufficient proof; and there want not productions of that age, which, being writ by men who were not authors by profession, retain a very natural manner, and may give us some idea of the language which prevailed among men of the world. I shall particularly mention Sir John Davis's Discovery, Throgmorton's, Essex's, and Nevile's Letters."*

The correctness of these remarks will be controverted in vain. And the best pieces in the present volume will be an excellent illustration of them. By far the first of these are the compositions of Dr. Thomas Lodge, and Nicholas Breton. The former furnishes ten † poems to this

* Hume's Hist. Eng. VI. 215. edit. 1770, 4to.

† Dr. Lodge's poems are 1. *Old Damon's Pastoral*.

"From Fortune's frowns and change remov'd."

2. *The Barginet of Antimachus*—reprinted in Cens. Litt
"In pride of youth, in midst of May."

3. *Montanus praise of his fair Phæbe*.
"Phœbe sate."

4. *Montanus Sonnet to his fair Phæbe*.
"A Turtle sate vpon a leavellesse tree."

5. *Phæbe's Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion*.
"Downe a downe."

6. *The Solitarie Shepheard's Song*.
"O shadie vale, O faire enriched meades."

7. *The Shepheard Damon's Passion*.
"Ah trees, why fall your leaves so fast?"

8. *Coridon's*

▼

this Miscellany; and the latter eight. * That the genius of both these writers was not only elegant and highly-polished, but pure, unsophisticated, and far above the taste of their age, may be safely affirmed. The *Euphues' Golden Legacy*, (1590,) of the former, is admitted to have given birth to Shakspeare's *As you like it*: an obligation which Steevens chooses to undervalue in the following words: "Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed that the character of Jaques, the Clown, and Audry, are entirely of the poet's own formation."

Coridon's Song and Rosalind's Madrigal, &c. † are from this Novel. ‡

8. *Coridon's Song.*

"A blithe and bonny country-lasse."

9. *Rosalind's Madrigall.*

"Love in my bosom like a bee." Reprinted by Beloe.

10. *The Shepheard's sorrow being disdained in love.*

"Muses help me, sorrow swarmeth."

* Breton's poems are, 1. *Phyllida and Corida*: in Percy and Ellis.

"In the merry month of May."

2. *A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon*: in Ellis.

"On a hill there growes a flower."

3. *A Sweet Pastoral*: in Percy and Ellis.

"Good Muse rocks me asleepe."

4. *Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

"Faire in a morne, (O fairest morne)"

5. *Coridon's Supplication to Phillis.*

"Sweet Phillis, if a silly swaine."

6. *A Shepheard's Dreame.*

"A silly Shepheard lately sate."

7. *A Report Sung in a Dream, betweene a Shepheard, and his nimph.*

"Shall we goe daunce the hay?"

8. *Another of the same.*

"Say that I should say, I love ye?"

† See Beloe's *Anecdotes*, II. 120, 123, who did not know that these pieces had appeared in the *Helicon*.

‡ This Novel was reprinted in Harding's *Shakspearian Museum*.

Mr. Beloe contends that Lodge was a prior satirist to Hall; which he confirms by extracts from his *Fig for Momus*, 1595, written with great harmony and simple force. If Hall was obscure, Lodge, in the specimen given, never falls into the same fault.

But I return to his pastoral poems. In ancient writings, we frequently meet with beautiful passages; but whole compositions are seldom free from the most striking inequalities; from inharmonious verses; from lame, or laboured and quaint expressions; and creeping or obscure thoughts. In Lodge we find whole pastorals and odes, which have all the ease, polish, and elegance of a modern author. How natural is the sentiment, and how sweet the expression of the following in *Old Damon's Pastoral*:

“ Homely hearts do harbour quiet;
 Little fear, and mickle solace;
 States suspect their bed and diet;
 Fear and craft do haunt the palace.
 Little would I, little want I,
 Where the mind and store agreeth;
 Smallest comfort is not scanty;
 Least he longs that little seeth.
 Time hath been that I have longed,
 Foolish I to like of folly,
 To converse where honour thronged,
 To my pleasures linked wholly.
 Now I see, and seeing sorrow
 That the day consum'd returns not.
 Who dare trust upon to morrow,
 When nor time nor life sojourns not!”

How charmingly he breaks out in *The Solitary Shepherd's Song*.

“ O shady vale, O fair enriched meads,
 O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountains;
 O painted flowers, green herbs where Flora treads,
 Refresh'd by wanton winds and watry fountains!”

Is there one word or even accent obsolete in this picturesque and truly poetical stanza?

But if such a tender and moral fancy be ever allowed to trifle, is there any thing of the same kind in the whole compass

compass of English poetry more exquisite, more delicately imagined, or expressed with more finished and happy artifice of language, than *Rosalind's Madrigal*, beginning

“ Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet :
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his rest ;
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye ?”

In the present age, if there be a fashion which indulges in too indiscriminate a love of antiquity, there are many who think that rarity attached to the works of an old author is a proof of demerit. How then can we account for the neglect and obscurity of a miscellany which contains such poems as these ? Compare Dr. Lodge not only with his cotemporaries but his successors, and who, except Breton, has so happily anticipated the taste, simplicity, and purity of the most refined age ?

As to BRETON, if he possessed less sentiment than Lodge, perhaps his fancy was still more delicate and playful, and his expression not less simple and harmonious *Phillida and Coridon*, since it has been known through the popular collections of Percy and Ellis, is, I believe, an universal favourite.

The productions of the same age generally betray the same moulds : still the materials of which they are cast, vary in infinite degrees. It is genuine taste alone, which can discriminate the immeasurable difference. The natural association of ideas art can never imitate with effect. The sound may be the same ; but it is hollow and unavailing ; it touches neither the fancy, nor the heart.

In this collection the pieces of the most celebrated authors are the worst : they seem to be either the last gleanings of their pens ; or the weak productions of their earliest efforts. The verses called Lord Surry's are indeed very pretty : but the poems of Spenser and Drayton are almost contemptible.

An

An extraordinary stanza commences *Menaphon's Roundelay*, by GREENE: it bears some faint resemblance to the noble opening of Gray's *Elegy*:

" When tender ewes brought home with evening sun
Wend to their fold,
And to their hold
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done."

Doron's description of his fair Shepherdess Samela, by the same author, abounds with poetical expression, and smoothness of rhythm. There is something ingenious both in the design and language of *Montanus his Madrigal*.

The manner of WATSON is laboured, and more like a scholar, than like one who has drank of the real waters of Helicon.

In the fragments of SIR EDWARD DYER it is difficult to discover the origin of that fame which he enjoyed in his life as a fit companion in genius and pursuits for the illustrious Sydney.

But it will be better to proceed to more regular

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

1. *Henry Howard Earl of Surrey.*

The history and character of this accomplished nobleman have been so often repeated, that it would be useless to say much of him here. But Mr. Alexander Chalmers, in his late edition of *British Poets*, has proved in his memoir of this author, (Vol. II. 315, &c.) that some of the principal dates and anecdotes, which have hitherto been transmitted without inquiry, will not stand the test of a critical examination. Mr. Chalmers thinks that the poet was born as early as 1515; and believes that he commenced his travels earlier than 1536. Much doubt is thrown by him on the story of the Earl's attachment to Fair Geraldine. Lord Surrey, having been condemned on the most frivolous pretences, was beheaded in 1547. His poems were first printed in small 4to. by Tottel. 1557; under the title of *Songes and Sonettes*. They were reprinted

printed 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587, and twice in 1717. They are included in Anderson's and Chalmers's Poets. The late Bishop Percy also printed a new edition some years ago: but the whole impression perished in Mr. Nichols's fire, 1808. The public expectation has long been raised by the promised edition of Dr. Nott.

The only pieces ascribed to Lord Surrey in this Collection are *Harpalus Complaint*, p. 40, and *The Complaint of Thestylis*, p. 52. In truth they belong to the Poems of *Uncertain Authors*. They possess an ease and simplicity, and pastoral spirit, especially the former, far beyond their age.

2. *Edward Vere Earl of Oxford.*

His Lordship was born about 1541, and died June 24, 1604. See a memoir of him in the Preface (p. x.) to the *Paradise of Dainty Deuices*, 1810, 4to. The only piece of his in the present volume is at p. 87. It is easy and elegant; and discovers powers not untouched with the gift of poetry.

3. *Sir Philip Sydney,*

Born 1554, died 1586. His life, so glorious in the annals of his country, has been lately written at large by Dr. Zouch. The present Collection contains fifteen of his pieces: not in general among his best. The poem, p. 218, entitled, *Two Pastorals upon three friends meeting*: (viz. Edward Dyer, Fulk Grevile, and Philip Sydney;) is very pleasing: the chorus is well adapted.

“ Join hearts and hands, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three.”

The Song of *Astrophell to his Stella*, beginning

“ In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,”

is well known. It is in Ellis's and other modern Collections. I would not hastily differ from Mr. Ellis: but it seems to me doubtful whether Sydney's amatory verses

are "descriptive of real passion." I think his poetical was not his strongest talent. In his poetry his genius does not ever appear to me to be paramount to his art.

4. *Sir Edward Dyer.*

The birth of Sir Edward Dyer is placed by Mr. Ellis about 1540. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards employed in several embassies, particularly to Denmark in 1589; and on his return from thence made Chancellor of the Garter on the death of Sir John Wolley, and at the same time knighted. Mr. PARK has kindly furnished me with the following curious memoranda from Aubrey's *MS. Auctarium Vitarum* in the Ashmole Museum at Oxford.

"Sir Edward Dyer of Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, was a great critic, poet, and acquaintance of Mary, Countess of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sydney. He is mentioned in the Preface of the *Arcadia*. He had 4000*l.* per annum, and was left fourscore thousand pounds in money. * He wasted it almost all. This I had from Captain Dyer, his great grandson, or brother's great grandson. I thought he had been the son of the Lord Chief Justice: but that was a mistake. The judge was of the same family, the Captain tells me."

Sir Edward was a great chymist; and a dupe of Dr. Dee, and Edward Kelly.

He died some years after King James came to the throne; and was succeeded in his Chancellorship of the Garter by Sir Edward Herbert, Knight, Principal Secretary of State. †

Six pieces of Sir Edward are here preserved. The first three stanzas of the first have been selected by Mr. Ellis.

* Sums so large for those days, (when the rental of a great feudal Earl did not amount to 2000*l.* a year,) that they cannot easily be credited!

† *Theatr. Poet. Angl.* 144, 147.

5. *Edmund*

5. *Edmund Spenser,*

Born about 1553, died 1599. Little can be said for the three pieces in this volume subscribed with the name of Spenser.

6. *Robert Green,*

Born about 1550, died 1592. The best account of this memorable man was compiled by Mr. HASLEWOOD, and is to be found in *Cens. Lit.* VIII. 380. The biographer observes, that "those of his pieces which he has perused display a rich and glowing fancy, much originality and universal command of language, combined with an extensive knowledge of the world." Mr. HASLEWOOD has defended Green's moral character with great feeling and great appearance of justice. He has also given the best extant catalogue of his numerous writings. Green has seven pieces in the present Collection. *Doron's Description of Samela* is reprinted by Ellis. Most of Green's publications are interspersed with poetry. Besides those selected by Ellis, &c. there are some very pretty descriptive lines, called "*The Shepherd's Ode*," extracted in *Cens. Lit.* VII. 127, from the *Ciceronis Amor*, 1611. And in the same volume, p. 269, is *Sephestia's song to her child*, which is inimitably beautiful and unaffected. The pieces in the *Helicon* are not among the author's best; still they possess merit.

7. *Dr. Thomas Lodge*

Was of a Lincolnshire family, born about 1556, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, 1574. He practised as a physician in England, and was much patronized by the Catholics. He died (of the plague, it is supposed) in 1625. Of his poetical talents all that is necessary has been said already. Ellis has given a most beautiful extract from a poem of his in "*Commendation of a Solitary Life*." It has all the smoothness, even flow, selection and finished construction of language, of an elegant modern composition.

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8. *Nicholas*

8. *Nicholas Breton.*

This poet is supposed to be the same Capt. Nicholas Breton, who was of Norton in Northamptonshire, and dying there June 22, 1624, has a monument in that church; of the manor of which parish the family continued lords till within these ten or twelve years, when the sons of the late Eliab Hervey Breton, Esq. sold it. In Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica* is the best catalogue that has yet been compiled of Breton's numerous and scarce writings, which abound, like those of Robert Green, with an intermixture of prose and poetry. Three of his beautiful little poems are selected from the *Helicon* by Mr. Ellis; these are *A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon*—*Phyllida and Coridon*—and *A sweet Pastoral*.

9. *Thomas Watson*

Was a native of London, and educated at Oxford. He afterwards studied the law, and died about 1592. His "*Hecatompethia*; or *Passionate Century of Love*," (licensed in the Stationer's books, 1581,) consists of 100 copies of love-verses. Watson appears to have a great command of language; but more, as has been said, of the artificial fire of the scholar, than the spirit of the real poet.

10. *Christopher Marlow.*

The fame of this author, who is supposed to have been born about 1562, and was educated at Cambridge; and was afterwards a player, and cotemporary with Shakespeare, and died of a wound suffered from a fray at a brothel, or gaming-table, 1583,* has been rendered as immortal as the language in which he wrote, by one short but most exquisite poem, preserved in this Collection, entitled *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, p. 214, beginning

"Come live with me, and be my love."

Phillips, who speaks with the pure taste of his uncle Milton, calls Marlow's "a pure unsophisticated wit."

* See *British Bibliographer*, Vol. II. p. 268.

And

And in what refined age could purer poetry, and in purer language, be written, than the following stanza?

" And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals." *

11. *Ignoto*; [viz. *Sir Walter Raleigh*.]

This signature appears to have been generally, *though not exclusively*, subscribed to the pieces of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is also subscribed to one piece, since appropriated to Shakspeare; and to one, which according to Ellis, belongs to Richard Barnfield. The celebrated Answer to Marlow's "*Come live with me*," here subscribed *IGNOTO*, is given expressly to Raleigh by Isaac Walton, in his "*Compleat Angler*," first published 1653; in which they are called "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."† To this poem of Raleigh, the signature of *Ignoto* has been pasted over the initials W. R. as it has been to one at least, if not to two more pieces.‡ Mr. PARK doubts whether this may not have arisen from the Editor's finding these pieces to have been erroneously appropriated; or from having learned that the authors would be offended at the disclosure of their names. The testimony of Walton as to Raleigh seems to me to make the latter most probable. Most of the pieces with the signature of *Ignoto* I think bear internal marks of Raleigh's composition. There is in the Nymph's Reply to Marlow's *Passionate Shepherd*, beginning

" If all the world and love were young,"

* Sir J. Hawkins observes " As to the Song itself, though a beautiful one, it is not so purely pastoral, as it is generally thought to be: buckles of gold, coral clasps, and amber studs, silver dishes, and ivory tables, are luxuries, and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners." Walton's *Angler*, 69.

† P. 65, 66, Hawkins's edition, 1784, 8vo.

‡ See postea.

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so much of Raleigh's sententiousness and acute reflections on the frailty of human pleasures, that it speaks in strong terms the mind from which it issued. The second Answer, which follows the first, beginning

"Come live with me, and be my dear,"

is more in the style of the original, with less intermixture of that moral cast, which characterizes Raleigh.

Raleigh was born at Hayes Farm, Co. Devon, in 1552, and lost his head in Palace-Yard, Westminster, 1618.

12. *William Shakspeare,*

Born 1564, died 1618, has only one piece with his own signature, in England's Helicon, entitled "*The Passionate Shepherd's Song*," at p. 57. This Song is also introduced in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3. (See Malone's Shakspeare, X. 333.) The other with the signature of Ignoto immediately precedes it at p. 58, and is entitled "*The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint*," and begins,

"My flocks feede not, my ewes breed not."

12. *Richard Barnfield.*

This poet, of whom little is known, except that he was author of "*The Affectionate Shepherd*," 1594, 12°. and two or three other scarce publications, of which the last was "*Poems in divers humors*," 1598, 4to. has two pieces in this Collection, one with his name at p. 126, the other subscribed Ignoto, taken from the *Poems* abovementioned. Meres ranks him *among our best for pastoral*. The song is to be found at p. 59, and begins,

"As it fell upon a day."

13. *Michael Drayton*

Was born at Hersall in Warwickshire, 1563, and died 1631. The four or five pieces of Drayton in this Collection, are not among his best productions.

14. *H. C.*

14. H. C. [*Henry Constable.*]

Henry Constable took the degree of A. B. at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. Edmund Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, says, "Noble Henry Constable was a great master of the English tongue; nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit; witness among all other, that Sonnet of his before his Majesty's *Lepanto*." He was the author of "Diana, or the excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. augmented with divers quatorzains of honorable and learned personages, divided into VIII. decads," 1594, 8°. A MS. collection of Constable's Sonnets, belonging to Mr. Todd, will probably be inserted in Mr. PARK'S Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany, now preparing for the press. The most striking of Constable's productions is to be found at p. 199, entitled "*The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*," beginning,

"Venus faire did ride;
Silver doves they drew her."

This poem is for the most part very delicate and pretty; and elegantly and harmoniously expressed. Mr. Malone, who has reprinted it in the notes to the Xth Vol. of his Shakspeare, p. 74, thinks it preceded Shakspeare's poem on the same subject, which it far excels, at least in taste and natural touches.

15. John Wootton.

This author, little known in poetical bibliography, was probably Sir John Wotton, third son of Thomas Wotton of Bocton Malherb, in Kent, by Elizabeth his first wife, daughter of Sir John Rudstone, Kt. (the second wife Elizabeth Finch, being mother of the celebrated Sir Henry). Sir John is described by Isaac Walton, in Sir Henry's life, as "a gentleman excellently accomplished both by learning and travel, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes."

John Wootton has only two pieces in this Collection, at pp 49, and 65. They are pastoral, and not deficient in the air and spirit of poetry.

16. *George Peele.*

George Peele, a native of Devonshire, was a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1573. He appears to have been under the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland, 1593, and died before 1598. He had some fame in his day as a dramatic writer, and was well known for his jests, so that it seems he was content to degrade his genius by despicable buffoonery.

17. *M. N. Howell*, (in 1st edit.) or *M. H. Nowel*.,

Is a writer, of whom nothing is known, unless he was the same as Thomas Howell, author of "The Arbor of Amitie," 1568, 1569, 8°. * He has one piece entitled "*Of Disdainful Daphne*," at p. 212, of this volume.

18. *E. B. Edmund Bolton.*

Edmund Bolton was better known as a scholar and critic, than as a poet. He was a Catholic, and supposed to have been a retainer to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Warton, who calls him "that sensible old English critic," has collected all the scattered notices which could be found of him in the History of English Poetry, III. 278, (note). In 1610 he published *The Elements of Armories*, small 4to. which has given him a place in Dallaway's Catalogue of Heraldic Writers. His *Hypercritica* written about 1610, was first published by Anthony Hall, at the end of *Triveti Annales*, Oxford, 1722, 8°. It is a judicious little tract, occasioned by a passage in Sir Henry Saville's Epistle prefixed to his edition of our old Latin Historians, 1596. Under the head of "Prime Gardens for gathering English according to the true gauge or standard of the tongue, about fifteen or sixteen years ago" he has given characters of many of the cotemporary authors.

* See Bibliographer, I. 105.

19. *William*

19. *William Browne,*

Author of " *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1613, 1616, &c. Born at Tavistock, in Devonshire, about 1590; supposed to have died in 1645. He has one poem at the end of this Collection, p. 239. It has the same pastoral merit as those on which his fame is founded.

20. *Christopher Brooke,*

A familiar of Browne, a native of Yorkshire, who after he left the university, (whether Cambridge, or Oxford is not known) settled at Lincoln's Inn to advance himself in the law, where he contracted a friendship with Selden, Jonson, Drayton, Browne, Wither, and John Davies of Hereford, especially after he had published An Elegy consecrated to the never-dying memory of Henry Prince of Wales; Lond. 1613, 4to. In the year following, being then a benchet, he was elected summer reader of his house, became a benefactor to the chapel there, and wrote another book entitled *Eclogues*, dedicated to his much-loved friend Mr. William Browne, of the Inner Temple, Lond. 1614, 8°. He has also verses before Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, and before Drayton's *Legend of Cromwell*, and had a considerable hand in dressing out the *Odcombian Banquet*, 1611. He also wrote *A Funeral Poem, to the memory of Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Belfast*, 1625, still in MS. of which an account is given in the *Bibliographer*, II. 235.

21. *Bartholomew Young,*

An author very little known, was of the Middle Temple, and is supposed by Anthony Wood to be the same, who lived afterwards at Ashurst in Kent, and died there in 1621. He translated from the Spanish the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, which translation, though finished in 1593, was not printed till 1598. It contains many poetical pieces, from whence those in the present Collection are extracted. He has also some verses in his translation of the Fourth Book of *Guazzo's Civile Conversation*, printed by

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by Thomas East, 1586, 4to. The very large proportion of poems in the *Helicon*, by this obscure author (not less than 27) leads to a suspicion that he had some concern in arranging and editing the volume.

However, his various specimens do not disgrace the compilation, though they do not often rise much above mediocrity.

22. *Shepherd Tonie.*

To decipher the real name of this writer must be mere conjecture. It has struck me that perhaps it might be a signature assumed by the well known Anthony Munday, of whose *Banquet of Daintie Conceits*, 1588, a copy has been lately discovered, and an account given in the *Bibliographer*, II. 337. He died in 1633, aged 80. See his epitaph in Strype's *Stow's Survey*, B. III. p. 61.

23. *I. D.*

Perhaps Sir John Davis. He was born in 1570, and died 1626.

24. *I. M.*

Probably Jervase Markham.

25. *T. B.*

Probably Thomas Bastard, who died April 19, 1618. See *Theatr. Poet.* Ang. 269.

26. *W. S.*

William Smith, author of *Chloris*, 1596.

27. *I. F.*

Has been supposed the celebrated dramatic writer John Ford, which appears doubtful, as that writer was only in his fifteenth year at the time of the *Helicon* being first printed.

28. *W. H.*

28. *W. H.*

I recollect no writer to whom these initials may apply, unless William Hunnis, who seems to have lived too early to have been a contributor to this volume. See an account of him in the preface to the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*. Qu. ? William Herbert ?

M. F. G.

Master Fulke Grevile, afterwards Lord Brooke.

30. *I. G.*

Supposed to be John Gough, the dramatic writer.

31. *Anonymous.*

There are nearly twenty anonymous pieces in this Collection, many of them from the Madrigals of Morley and Bird.

Such were the authors of a Collection of Poems, which delighted our ancestors, and contained all those Songs of Shepherds which were most to their taste. The Pastoral is of course among the most natural and simplest poetry of every nation. The solitude, the leisure, and the scenery of a country life, offer those images, and cherish those affections, which are the purest materials of the Muse's occupation. We hear therefore Sir Philip Sydney, at p. 10, telling to his flock the griefs which he felt from his mistress's disdain, in lines sufficiently flowing and unsophisticated, which little differ from the language or the spirit of modern poetry. But a piece, already mentioned at the beginning of this Preface, *Old Damon's Pastoral*, by Dr. Lodge, at p. 21, is still more entitled to this praise. What can be prettier, or more fluent, or elegant, among the trifles of later days, than the stanza at p. 26, by *Shepherd Tonie*, commencing,

“ Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The cool streams ran beside her.”—

An high encomium has already been pronounced on Nicholas Breton. He appears to me a writer of a cast peculiarly his own. The *Sweet Pastoral* at p. 38, "Good Muse rock me asleep," is a little finished gem, exquisitely tender and chaste. It is not to be endured, that after such legitimate specimens of polished diction and simple thought, the writers of verse in the next reign should have degenerated into such disgusting pedantry and far-fetched jargon. Even Lord Surrey, of half a century older, shines at p. 40, (if the poem be Lord Surrey's) * in all the genuine and attractive graces of true genius.

But it is not necessary here to go through the merits of every particular piece. It cannot be idle or useless to study this early Collection of Pastoral compositions. Here is the fountain of that diction, which has since been employed and expanded in the description of rural scenery. Here are the openings of those reflections on the imagery of nature, in which subsequent poets have so much dealt. They shew us to what occasional excellence, both in turn of thought, and polish of language, the literature of Queen Elizabeth had arrived; and how little the artificial and incumbered prose of mere scholars of that time exhibits a just specimen of either the sentiment or phrase of the court or people! In the best of these productions, even the accentuation and rhythm scarce differs from that of our days. Lodge and Breton in particular, who are characterized by their simplicity, are striking proofs of this!

Yet if all these arguments will not avail to establish the value of *England's Helicon*, let me plead for it, if it be only for having preserved Marlow's beautiful Song of The Passionate Shepherd to his Love, p. 214, and Raleigh's Answer, p. 215. It was the vile taste of King James, and his court, which no doubt so suddenly sunk it into oblivion. To such as could enjoy the rough and far-fetched subtlety of metaphysical verses, this Collection must have appeared inexpressibly insipid and contemptible. To those, whose business it was to draw

* It is among the pieces of Uncertain Authors in Tottel's Miscellany.

similitudes from the most remote recesses of abstruse learning, how childish must seem the delineation of flowers that were open to every eye, and images which found a mirror in every bosom!!

But, O, how dull is the intricate path of the philosopher, how uninteresting is all the laboured ingenuity of the artist, compared with the simple and touching pleasures, which are alike open to the peasant, as to the scholar, the noble, or the monarch! It is in the gift of exquisite senses, and not in the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune, that one human being excels another!

“ The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise!”

We are delighted to see reflected the same feelings, the same pleasures from the breasts of our ancestors. We hear the voices of those bearded chiefs, whose portraits adorn the pannels of our halls and galleries, still bearing witness to the same natural and eternal truths; still inveighing against the pomp, the fickleness, and the treachery of courts; and uttering the songs of the shepherd and the woodman, in language that defies the changes of time, and speaks to all ages the touching effusions of the heart.

If some little additional prejudice in favour of these compositions be given by the association in our ideas of their antiquity, if we connect some reverence, and some increased force, with expressions which were in favourite use with those who for two centuries have slept in the grave, the profound moral philosopher will neither blame nor regret this effect. It is among the most generous and most ornamental, if not among the most useful, habits of the mind!

Such are among the claims of this Collection to notice. But the seal that has been hitherto put upon this treasure; the deep oblivion in which the major part of its contents have for ages been buried, ought to excite curiosity, and impart a generous delight at its revival. Who is there so cold as to be moved with no enthusiasm at drawing the mantle from the figure of Time? For my

part, I confess how often I have watched the gradual development with eager and breathless expectation; and gazed upon the reviving features till my warm fancy gave them a glow and a beauty, which perhaps the reality never in its happiest moments possessed.

If this be the language of the visionary rather than of the critic, let it be addressed to those only of a similar temperament! To those who are rather actuated by a refined taste, and deep sensibility, than a mania for old literature, something seems wanting, to induce them to overcome the first repulsive appearance of uncouth spelling, and antique phraseology. Of such I have thus endeavoured to engage the interest, and attention. Of the notice of those, who make it their pursuit to read the authors of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there can be no fear!

Testimonies of Authors.

Most of the writers in this Collection, even the most obscure, are mentioned in the principal cotemporary books of criticism, such as those of Webbe,* Puttenham,† Meres,‡ Bolton,§ The Polimanteia|| and Nash.** Breton is named by Meres, with Spenser, Shakspeare, Drayton, and Daniel, among the best lyrics. He is also named with Lodge, and others in the Poli-

* Webbe's Discourse of English Poetry, 1586. See Cens. Lit. II. 275.

† Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, 1589. See the new edition by Mr. HASLEWOOD, 1811, 4to. See also Cens. Lit. I. 339. II.

‡ Meres's Palladis Tamia, &c. 1598, 1634. See Cens. Lit. IX. 39.

§ Bolton's Hypercritica, published 1722.

|| Polimanteia, 1595, reprinted in the British Bibliographer, I. 274.

** Nash's Address to both Universities, prefixed to Green's Arcadia. See Cens. Lit. VII. 152.

manteia;

manteia; and is noticed by Puttenham, with Sydney, Raleigh, Dyer, Grevile, &c. Marlow is by Meres compared to Musæus, and Greene and Peele are numbered with Dante, Boccace, Petrarch and Tasso. The Earl of Oxford is among the best for comedy. Drayton is repeatedly mentioned for various excellencies; Watson and Barnfield are among those contrasted with Theocritus, &c. Lodge is placed among the most eminent for satire. Anthony Munday is called "our best plotter," and Jervase Markham is praised for his Solomon's Canticles in English verse. The curious inquirer, who will not easily find access to the rare volumes of these authors, will find numerous notices and extracts of their works in the volumes of the *Censura Literaria*, and *British Bibliographer*. Probably no library, unless perhaps Mr. Heber's, contains any approach to a complete collection of the publications of these obsolete writers. The greater part of Breton's many publications are seldom met with, and several of Robert Green and many others are very rare. The late Bishop Percy began to draw the public attention to them nearly fifty years ago; and the very elegant Selection of "Specimens" by Mr. George Ellis has since familiarized the popular reader to their names.

Notes on the Poems.

P. 1. *The Shepherd to his chosen Nymph* is from Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 549 (edit. 1598.)

P. 2. l. 3. "these" instead of "there" in Sydney, ut supra.

l. 8. for "enclose" read "disclose," *ibid.*

P. 3. l. 3. for "saine," read "strive," *ibid.*

l. 9. for "you doe" read "do you."

l. 12. for "to so high a fall" read "so high to fall."

P. 10. *Astrophel's Complaint*, from Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 558.

l. 1. 3 for "yee" read "you," *ib.*

P. 11.

- P. 11. l. 8. for "the heavens still" read "O heavens do," *ib.*
 l. 14. for "in good by us" read "in good cause," *ib.*
 l. 21. for "then doth she" read "she doth then," *ib.*
 P. 12. for "my dear flock, now adieu," read "Adieu dear flock, adieu," *ib.*
 P. 16. The Shepherd's Daffadil by Drayton, is reprinted by Ellis.
 P. 20. This piece is taken from *Green's Arcadia*, for which see *Cens. Lit.* VII. 152.
 P. 25. This piece of Breton is given by Ellis.
 P. 31. Also from *Green's Arcadia*.
 P. 33. This "Sweet Pastoral" is also in Ellis.
 P. 40. Not Lord Surry's, but taken from the pieces of "Uncertain Authors," at the end of Surrey's "Songs and Sonnets."
 P. 50. From the Golden Legacy.
 P. 51. l. 19 and 22. for "Phœbus" read "Phœbe's."
 l. 26. for "lampes" read "lap."
 P. 52. The same remark applies here as to p. 40.
 P. 53. To be found in Ellis.
 P. 54. From *Greene's Arcadia*.
 P. 55. This piece had in the first edition the signature of *Sydney*—over which was pasted the name of N. Breton.
 P. 58. Mr. Malone assigns this poem to Shakspeare, though here subscribed "*Ignoto*."
 P. 59. This piece, though subscribed *Ignoto*, Mr. Ellis has discovered to be Barnfield's.
 P. 60. From Watson's *Hecatompethia*, where it forms Sonnet VIII. and has the following introduction.

"Actæon for espying Diana as shee bathed her naked, was transformed into a hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as Ouid describeth at large, *lib. 3 Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

*Fama est, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris,
 Supplicium lucret spectatæ in fonte Dianæ,
 Attonitum*

*Attonitum novitate mala fugisse parentem
Per freta Aristæum, &c.*

“ The author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of Actæon, and to the hurte, which hee sustained, setteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as Ouid did after his banishmente, when in another sense hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe being exiled (as it should seeme) for hauing at vnawares taken Cæsar in some great fault; for thus hee writeth;

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis.”*

P. 61. From Lodge’s Golden Legacy.

l. 14. dele “ did.”

P. 62. From the same.

P. 63. l. 1. for “ mens” read “ man’s.”

l. 2. for “ brests” read “ breasts.”

P. 67. From Greene’s Arcadia. It is selected by Ellis. It is also in England’s Parnassus.

P P. 68—70. Qu. if W. H. may not be William Herbert?

P. 76. This is also in Watson’s Hecatompethia, being Sonnet XCII. and where the series has for title “ My Love is past.” It is thus prefaced.

“ Here the author by comparing the tyrannous delightes in deedes of blinde Cupid with the honest delightes & deedes of other his fellow goddesses and gods, doth blesse the time and howre that euer he forsooke to follow him; whom he confesseth to have bene great & forcible in his doings, though but litle of stature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, Hebe is seldomest redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that Hebe (as *Servius* writeth) is Iunoe’s daughter, hauing no father, & now wife to Hercules, and Goddess of youth, and youthlie sporting: and was cup bearer to Ioue, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so vnhappilie, that they sawe her priuities, whereupon Ioue being angry, substituted Ganymedes into her office and place.”

- P. 76. All Young's pieces are from his translation of the Diana of Montemayor.
 P. 83. The Shepherd's Ode is probably from the same Collection of Poems by Barnfield as the former.
 P. 87. This Song by Lord Oxford shews the elegance of an accomplished courtier. The following fugitive piece, by the same noble author, has been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Bliss.

Lines attributed to the Earl of Oxford. (From a MS. in the Bodleian.)

" If woemen coulde be fayre and yet not fonde,
 Or that there loue were firme not fickel still,
 I woulde not meruaylle that they make me bonde
 By seruise longe to purchase theyre good will:
 But when I see how frayll those creatures are,
 I muse that men forget them selues so farr.
 To marcke the choyse they make, and how they change,
 How ofte from Phœbus theye do flee to Pann,
 Vnsettled still, like haggardes * will'd they range,
 These gentle byrdes that flye from man to man:
 Who woulde not scorne and shake the~ from the fyste,†
 And let them flye, fayre fooles, which way they lyste.
 Yet for disporte we fawne and flatter bothe,
 To pass the tyme when nothinge else can please,
 And trayne them to our lure wth. subtylle othe,
 Till, wearye of theyre wiles, our selues we ease:
 And than we saye, when we their fancye trye,
 To playe with fooles, oh! what a foole was I.
 Finis qd Earll of Oxenforde."

- P. 88. No separate publication of Dyer has been discovered. He is noticed by Puttenham, "for elegy, most sweet, solemn, and of high conceit." Two of the pieces here ascribed to him appear to be Lodge's.

* A *baggard* hawk is one of the wildest species, and very difficult to be reclaimed.

† This is another term in hawking, a diversion much practised in Elizabeth's reign: the hawks were carried on the fist, and generally whistled or shaken off when the prey came in sight.

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- P. 90. This had the initials S. W. R. over which Ignoto is pasted.
- P. 100. From Sydney's *Arcadia*, p. 65.
- P. 101. The Shepherd's Brawl, *ib.* 73.
Dorus, *ib.* 107.
- P. 111. The Shepherd's Praise was subscribed with the initials S. W. R. over which Ignoto is pasted.
- P. 112. The Shepherd's Dump is reprinted at p. 224, with the signature Ignoto.
- P. 120. The Shepherd's Sorrow had the signature M. F. G. (Mr. Fulke Grevile) over which is pasted I. F.
- P. 121. From the appendage to the *Arcadia* of Sydney, p. 573.
l. 4. for "and" read "or," *ib.*
- P. 122. Melibeus Song had the signature M. F. G. over which a blank is pasted.
- P. 124. From the *Golden Legacy*.
- P. 125. l. 20. for "apace they hie" read "they hied them fast."
- P. 130. From *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 548.
- P. 131. l. 5, for "defineth" read "refineth," *ib.*
- P. 134. Bisham Abbey is now the seat of Mr. Vansittart. See Nichols's *Progresses of Q. Eliz.*
- P. 136. See Nichols *ut supra*.
- P. 143. From Sydney's "Sonets" at the end of the *Arcadia*, p. 487.
l. 1, for "changes" read "changes," *ib.*
- P. 144, l. 11, for "one loves" read "one's love," *ib.* 488.
l. 13. for "Oh hairs, you are not" read "Ah hairs, are you not," *ib.*
- P. 151. Madrigal, from Lodge's *Golden Legacy*.
- P. 152. l. 6. for "if I but" read "if so I."
l. 7. for "lovely" read "loving."
l. 9. for "whilst" read "whist." *
- P. 154. Montanus which has here the signature of

* These and preceding variations occur in the second edition of the *HELICON*.

Dyer, is inserted in Lodge's Golden Legacy.

- P. 161. This is in Ellis.
 P. 164. From Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, p. 555.
 P. 165, l. 16, for "it" read "yet," *ib.* 556.
 P. 177. See notices of the Collections of Madrigals of Morley, Bird, and others, in *Cens. Lit.* and *British Bibliographer*, and also in *Hawkins's History of Music*.
 P. 181. Is a very pretty song, *Anonymous*.
 P. 188. Montanus Sonnet in the Woods, though here ascribed to Dyer, is to be found in Lodge's *Golden Legacy*.
 P. 194. An Invective. See the Table where it has the signature Ignoto. It is also in Davison's *Rapsodie*.
 P. 196. I. G. supposed to be John Gough.
 P. 204. From Young's *Musica Transalpina*, of which see further extracts in *Cens. Lit.* Vol. IX.
 P. 206. The Shepherd's Slumber, is subscribed Ignoto, in the first edition.
 P. 211. Also in Davison's *Rapsody*.
 P. 212. From Sydney, as before.
 P. 218. The Pastoral here inserted is from Davison's *Rapsodie*, in which is also another Pastoral omitted in the *Helicon*; on which account it is here subjoined.

" Dispraise of a Courtly Life.

" Walking in bright Phœbus blaze,
 Where with heat opprest I was:
 I go to a shady wood,
 Where greene leaues did newly bud:
 And of grasse was plenty dwelling,
 Deckt with pyde flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met
 On lamenting wholly set;
 Rewing change of wonted state,
 Whence he was transformed late;

Once

xxix

Once to Shepheards God retaining,
Now in seruile Court remayning.

There he wandring malecontent,
Vp and downe perplexed went,
Daring not to tell to me,
Spake vnto a sencelesse tree,
One among the rest electing
These same words, or this effecting.

My old mates I griene to see
Voyde of me in field to be,
Where we once our louely sheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each other's friendship prouing,
Neuer struing, but in louing.

But may Loue abiding be
In poore shepheards base degree?
It belongs to such alone,
To whom arte of Loue is knowne:
Seely shepheards are not witting,
What in art of Louing is fitting.

Nay, what needs the arte to those,
To whom we our loue disclose?
It is to be vsed then,
When we doe but flatter men:
Friendship true in heart assured,
Is by nature's gifts procured.

Therefore shepheards wanting skill,
Can loue's duties best fulfill;
Since they know not how to faine,
Nor with Loue to cloake disdaine;
Like the wiser sorte, whose learning,
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vnder shade;
Oten reeds me musicke made;
Striuing with my mates in song,
Mixing mirth our songs among;
Greater was that shepheards treasure,
Then this false, fine, courtly pleasure.

XXX

Where, how many creatures be
So many puffed in mind I see,
Like to Iunoe's birds of pride,
Scarce each other can abide:
Friends like to black swannes appearing,
Sooner these than those in hearing.

Therefore Pan, if thou mayst be
Made to listen vnto me,
Grant I say (if seely man
May make treaty to God Pan)
That I, without thy denying,
May be still to thee relying.

Only for my two loues sake, Sir Ed. D. & M. F. G.
In whose loue I pleasure take;
Only two do me delight
With their euer-pleasing sight,
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with those two remaining.

So shall I to thee alwaies,
With my reedes, sound mighty praise;
And first lambe that shall befall,
Yearely deck thine altar shall;
If it please thee be reflected,
And I from thee not reiected.

So I left him in that place,
Taking pittie on his case,
Learning this, among the rest,
That the meane estate is best,
Better filled with contenting,
Voyde of wishing and repenting.

Sir Ph. Sidney."

P. 224. Thirsis. See the same poem before at p. 112, subscribed S. E. D. In this copy there are a few corrections in the concluding lines, which were probably the reason for its being reprinted.

P. 225. The Heroical poem, is also in Davison's Rapsodie, where it is entitled "*Upon an Heroicall*"

xxxì

*Heroicall poem, which he had begunne
(in imitation of Virgil) of the first in-
habiting of this famous ile by Brute and
the Trojans."*

- P. 230. Also in Davison's Rapsodie.
P. 232. From the Arcadia.
P. 236. Also in Davison's Rapsodie.
P. 239. Thirsis praise is reprinted by Ellis.
P. 241. A Defiance, &c. This is also in Davison's
Rapsodie.

B.

ADDENDA.

As the poems of Lodge are among the best of this Collection, it may not be impertinent to give the title, dedication, and address to the Reader, of his *Euphues Golden Legacy*, from which many of the pieces are extracted: especially as they contain some facts of the author's life not hitherto noticed; for neither his voyage to the Canaries, nor his military services have been mentioned in the meagre memorials of his life. I take the title and extracts from one of the later editions now lying before me, by the favour of Mr. HASLEWOOD.

" Euphues Golden Legacie. Found after his death in his Cell at Silixsedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes nursed up with their father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent. London, Printed for Francis Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church yard in Fleetstreet under the Dyall. 1642. 4to. "*

" Dedication.

" To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hvnsdon, Lord Chamberlain of her Majesties houshold, and Governour of the Towne of Barwicke: T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable virtues."

* Lodge, by his title-page, intended the *Golden Legacy* for a continuation to *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, by John Lyly, 1581; which had become unusually popular: as at the conclusion of the second part, it is there said—"Euphues is musing in the bottome of the mountaine Silixsedra, Philautus is married in the Isle of England."

" Svch

Deposited in Shakespeare's Library.

“Such Romans (Right Honourable) as delighted in martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because hee was a patron of souldiers; and Virgill described with poems as a Mecenas of schollers: both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike, and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present her bayes as shee is wise, and with armour as shee is valiant: observing herein that excellent *το πεπρω* which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (Right Honourable) with a deepe insighte into the consideration of those promises, seeing your Lordship to bee a patron of all martiall men and a Mecenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your mind, being myself first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts, dutifully to affect your Lordship.

“Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke: rough, as hacht in the stormes of the Ocean and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a souldier and a scholler, I presume to shroude it under your Honour's patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions, and whose honorable love growne from the generall applause of the whole commonwealth for your higher desert, may keepe from the malice of every bitter tongue.

“Other reasons more particular (Right Honourable) challenge in me a special affection to your Lordship, as being scholler with your noble sonnes, Master Edmund Carew, and Master Robert Carew; (two siens worthy of so honourable a tree and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit) as also being a scholler in the vniversity vnder that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was a Barcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered, as well borne, and after the etimologie of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honour of so vertuous a Lady.

“ Thus (Right Honourable) the dutie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth mee that all my affection bee placed on the father, for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must bee more excellent. Commanded and imboldned thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreat your Honour will vouchsafe of my labours, and favour a souldier's and a scholler's pen, with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what wants in eloquence: so devoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is to end his life under the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordship's curtesie, in not denying the patronage of my worke; I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire or imagine.

Your Honour's Souldier most
humbly affectionate,

THO. LODGE.”

“ *To the Gentlemen Readers.*

“ Gentlemen looke not here to find any sprigs of Pallas bay-tree, nor to heare the humours of any amorous laureat, nor the pleasing veyne of any eloquent orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they be matters above my capacity: the coblers cheek shall never light on my head. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I will goe no further then the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen downe by a souldier with his cuttleaxe not bought with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee brieft Gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sayler that gives you the fruits of his labour, that hee wrote in the Ocean, where every line was wet with a surge and every humourous passion counterchecke with a storme. If you like it, so, and yet I will be yours in dutie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus, or any disquieted asse, that hath mighty cares to conceiue with Midas, and yet little to iudge: if hee come aboard our barke to finde fault with our tackling when he knowes not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold and fetch out a rustie pollax, that saw no sunne this seaven yeeres, and
either

either will bebase him, or heave the cockascombe ouer-board to feed cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most backe-bite none, and pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come and welcome, Ile into the stewards room and fetch them a kan of our best beverage. Well Gentlemen you haue Euphues Legacie, I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with fauour, and farewell.

Your's,

T. L."

This Romance contains more poetry than is extracted in the Helicon; and among the rest, the following:

" Rosader's Second Sonnetto.

" Turne I my looks unto the skics,
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes:
 If so I looke upon the ground,
 Love then in every flower is found:
 Search I the shade to flic my paine,
 He meets me in the shades againe:
 Want I to walke in secret grove,
 E'en there I meete with sacred love:
 If so I bath me in the sacred spring,
 E'en on the brink I heare him sing:
 If so I meditate alone,
 He will be partner of my mone:
 If so I mourne, he weepes with me,
 And where I am, there will he be.
 When as I talke of Rosalind,
 The God from coyness waxeth kind:
 And seemes in selfe same flame to fric,
 Because he loves as well as I:
 Sweet Rosalind, for pittie rue:
 For why? than Love I am more true:
 He if he speede will quickly flic;
 But in thy love I live and die."

" Another.

" First shall the heavens want starry light;
 The seas be robbed of their waves;
 The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,
 The night want shade; the dead men graves:

f ij

The

xxxvi

The April flowers, and leafes, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hills
By humble plaines be overpride,
And poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And love relent in deepe disdaine,
And death his fatall stroke shall cease,
And envie pittie every paine,
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talke of any guile.

First Time shall stay his staillesse race,
And Winter blesse his browes with corne,
And snow bemoisten Julies face,
And Winter, Spring, and Summer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name."

" Phæbe's Sonnet.

" My Boat doth passe the streights
Of seas incenst with fire,
Fil'd with forgetfulnesse
Amidst the winter's night:
A blind and carelesse boy
(Brought up by fond desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
Of sorrow and despight.
For every oare he sets
A ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (instead of wave)
A hope without distresse.
The winds of my deepe sighes,
(That thunder still for nought)
Have split my sailes with feare,
With care and heavinesse:
A mighty storme of teares,
A blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines,
Doe slacke the haleyards oft,

Till

XXXvii

Till ignorance do pull
And errorr haile the shroude.
No starre for safety shines,
No Phœbe from aloft.
Time hath subdued Art, and Joy is slauē to Woe:
Alas (loue guide) be kind: what shall I perish so?"

" Rosader's Description of Rosalind.

" Like to the cleare in highest sphere
Where all imperiall glory shines
Of selfe-same colours is her haire,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink:
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.
Her cheekes are like the blushing cloude,
That beautifies Auroræ's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroude,
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace,
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.
Her eyes are like to budded roses,
Whom rankes of lillies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to entice a deitie:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!
Her necke is like a stately towre,
Where love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every houre,
From her divine and sacred eies,
Heigh ho, for Rosalind.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her breasts are robes of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the deaw of light,
To feede perfection with the same;
Heigh ho, would she were mine!
With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalind.

xxxviii

Nature herselfe her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight,
And love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not Nymphs tho' I bemoane
The absence of faire Rosalind,
Since for a faire there is a fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so divine:
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalind,
 Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were
 mine."

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ENGLAND'S HELICON.

**EROLAND'S
HELICO.**

*Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
sumite fontis aquam.*

AT LONDON

**Printed by I. R. for Iohn Flasket, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Beare. 1600.**

To his loving kinde friend,

Maister Iohn Bodenham.

Wits Commonwealth, * the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on *Wits Theater*, † thy second sonne :
By both of which I cannot count the gaines
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.
Next, in the *Muses Garden* ‡ gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a nosegay as was neuer sweeter :
Whose sent will sauour to Time's latest howres;
And for the greatest Prince no poesie meeter.
Now comes thy *Helicon*, § to make compleate
And furnish vp thy last impos'd designe :
My paines heerein, I cannot term it great,
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me :
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

* [A collection of sententious extracts from the ancient moral philosophers, &c. printed in 1597.]

† [A similar collection printed in 1598.]

‡ [“Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses;” a selection of sentences in verse, printed in 1600 and 1610.]

§ [Printed in 1600, 4to. and 1614, 8vo.]

*To his very louing Friends, M. Nicholas Wanton,
and M. George Faucet.*

Though many miles (but more occasions doo sunder vs
(kinde Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting dooth in
iustice claime performance, and assurance of gentle ac-
ceptance would mightilie condemne me if I should ne-
glect it. *Helicon*, though not as I could wish, yet in such
good sort as time would permit, hauing past the pikes of
the presse, comes now to *Yorke* to salute her rightfull
Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends & kinds-
men) to offer you her kinde seruice. If shee speede well
there, it is all shee requires; if they frowne at her heere, she
greatly not cares: for the wise (shee knowes) will neuer
be other then them selues: as for such then as would seeme
so, but neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a
maine principle; that their malice neede as little be feared,
as their fauour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping
you will not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall be
mindefull of you heere. I leaue you to the delight of
England's Helicon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.

To the Reader, if indifferent.

Many honoured names haue heretofore (in their particular interest) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not inferiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished; digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another man's title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any man's name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall coppy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seee curious, or be intreated

for his fame. Nowe, if any stationer shall finde faulte that his coppies are robd by any thing in this Collection, let me aske him this question—Why more in this, then in any diuine or humaine authour? From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could vrdge, though perhaps the neerest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my selfe to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoeuer, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world shal be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoeuer so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred name) haue beene placed with the names of the greatest princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a poet. Thus gentle reader I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

[Then follow the Poems, without any Table of Contents.]

COLLARD'S HELICON.

THE SHEPHEARD TO HIS CHOSEN NYMPH.

ONELY joy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispring voyce obtaine
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.
Take mee to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke;
Twinkling starres loue thoughts prouoke:
Daunger hence good care doth keepe;
Iealousie itself doth sleepe.
Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no no, my deere, let be.

B

Better

England's Helicon.

Better place no wit can finde
 Cupid's yoake to loose or binde;
 There sweet flowers on fine bed too,
 Us in their best language woo.
 Take me to thee and thee to me,
 No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

This small light the moone bestowes,
 Serues thy beames but to enclose;
 So to raise my hap more hie,
 Feare not else, none can us spie.
 Take me to thee, & thee to me,
 No, no, no, no, my deare, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
 Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house;
 Yet asleepe methinks they say,
 Young folkes, take time while you may.
 Take me to thee, & thee to me,
 No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we misse
 This large offer of our blisse;
 Long stay, ere he grant the same,
 (Sweet then) while each thing doth frame,
 Take me to thee, & thee to me,
 No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Your faire mother is abed,
 Candles out & curtains spred;
 She thinks you doe letters write,
 Write but let me first indite.

Take

England's Helicon.

3

Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Sweet (alas!) why saine you thus?
Concord better fitteth us
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands.
Take me to thee, & thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Woe to me, & you doe sweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare;
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me to so high a fall.
Soone with my deathe I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my deere, let be.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sydney.

THEORELLO.

A Shepherd's Edillion.

You shepheards which on hillocks sit,
Like Princes on their thrones;
And guide your flocks, which else would flit,
Your flocks of little ones;
Good kings haue not disdained it,
But shepheards haue been named;
A sheepe-hooke is a scepter fit
For people well reclaimed.

B ij

The

England's Helicon.

The shepheards life so honour'd is & praised :
That kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The summer sunne hath guilded faire,
With morning rayes the mountaines :
The birds doe caroll in the ayre,
And naked nimphs in fountaines.
The silvanes in their shagged haire,
With hamadriades trace :
The shadie satires make a quiere,
Which rockes with ecchoes grace.
All breathe delight, all solace in the season,
Not now to sing, were enemy to reason.

Cosma, my love, and more then so,
The life of my affections :
Nor life alone but lady too,
And Queene of their directions.
Cosma, my love, is fayre you know,
And which you shepheards know not:
Is (Sophi said) thence called so,
But names her beautie show not.
Yet hath the world no better name then she:
And then the world no fairer thing can be.

The sunne upon her forehead stands,
Or (jewell sun-like glorious)
Her forehead wrought with Jove's own hands,
For heavenly white notorious.
Her golden lockes like Hermus sands,
(Or then bright Hermus brighter :)
A spangled cauill binds in with bands,
Then silver morning lighter.

And

England's Helicon.

5

And if the planets are the chiefe in skies,
No other starres then planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke, her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh
Then selfe blowne buds of roses:
Rare lip, more red than those of flesh,
Which thousand sweetes encloses:
Sweet breath, which all things doth refresh,
And words then breath farre sweeter:
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile, nor nesh,
As substance which is fleeter,
In praise doe not surmount; although in placing,
Her christall necke, round breasts, and arms embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
Is not so perfect cleare,
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
Wheron no spots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be seene,
For soueraigne worth excell:
Her thighs with azure branched beene,
And all in her are well.
Long iuorie hands, legs straiter than the pine:
Well shapen feet, but virtue most divine.

Nor cloathed like a shepheardesse,
But rather like a Queene;
Her mantle doth the forme expresse,
Of all which may be seene.
Roabe fitter for an Empresse
Then for a shepheard's loue,
Roabe fit alone for such a laase
As Emperours doth moue.

B ij

Roabe

England's Pelican.

Roabe which heauen's Queen, the pride of her owne brother,
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (& who else but Ioue?)
Embroidered the same,
He knew the world, & what did moue
In all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
The counterfeits he wrought:
Of wood-gods & of euery groue,
And all which else was ought.
Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth note?
Then that he drew & pictur'd in her coate.

A vail of lawn like vapour thin,
Unto her anckle trailes;
Through which the shapes discerned bin,
As too & fro, it sailes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
To search her wonders out,
Of monsters & of gods a kin
Which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment seemes
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For here & there appeare forth towers
Among the chalkie downes:
Cities among the country bowers,
Which smiling sunshine crownes.
Her metall buskins deckt with flowers,
As th' earth when frosts are gone,
Besprinkled are with orient showers
Of hayle & pebble stone.

He

England's Helicon.

7

Her feature peerlesse, peerlesse her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with reale entire.

Oh ! who can sing her beauties best,
Or that remains unsung ?
Doe thou Apollo tune the rest,
Unworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her is to be blest,
So wondrous faire her face is ;
Her fairenesse cannot be exprest
In goddesses or graces.
I loue my love, the goodly worke of nature :
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (O! Cosma) will I gaze,
And reade thy beauties euer :
Delighting in the blessed neare,
Which can be ended neuer.
For in the luster of thy rayes
Appeares thy parents brightnesse :
Who himselfe infinite displayes
In thee his proper greatnesse.
My song must end, but never my desire,
For Cosma's face is Theorello's fire.

Finis. E. B.

ASTROPHEL'S LOUE IS DEAD.

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,
For Loue is dead.

B liij

AN

England's Helicon.

All Loue is dead infected,
 With plague of deepe disdaine,
 Worth, or nought worth rejected,
 And faith faire scorne doth gaine.
 From so ungrateful fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it said
 That Loue is dead?
 His deathbed peacock's folly,
 His winding sheet is shame,
 His will false, seeming holy,
 His sole exectour blame.
 From so ungrateful fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Let dirge be sung & trentals richly read,
 For Loue is dead.
 And wrong his tombe ordaineth,
 My mistresse warble hart:
 Which epitaph containeth,
 Her eyes were once his dart.
 From so ungrateful fancie
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord deliver us.

Alas! I lie, rage has this error bred,
 Loue is not dead.

Love

England's Helicon.

9

Love is not dead but sleepeth
In her unmatched minde:
Where she his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert shee finde.
Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a frenzie,
Who Loue can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sidney.

A PALINODI.

As withereth the primrose by the riuer,
As fadeth summer's-sunne from gliding fountaines,
As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth snow upon the mossie mountaines.
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble & the snow;
Of praise, pompe, glory, ioy, (which short life gathers)
Faire praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered primrose by the morning riuer,
The faded summer's sunne, from weeping fountaines:
The light blowne bubble, vanished for euer,
The molten snowe upon the naked mountaines,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, & melt away.

For as the snow, whose laune did ouer spread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant like did threat

C

To

England's Helicon.

To pierce the heauen with their aspiring head,
 Naked & bare doth leaue their craggie seat.
 When as the bubble, which did empty flie
 The dalliance of the undiscerned winde,
 On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
 Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance finde.
 And when the sunshine which dissolued the snow,
 Coloured the bubble with a pleasant varie,
 And made the rathe & timely primrose grow,
 Swarth clouds with-draune (which longer time do tarie)
 Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so
 As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

Finis. E. B.

ASTROPHELL, THE SHEPHEARD, HIS COMPLAINT
 TO HIS FLOCKE.

Goe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
 Seeke a better place of feeding;
 Where yee may haue some defence
 From the stormes in my breast breeding,
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch in whom all woe,
 Can abide to keepe no measure:
 Merry flocke, such one foregoe
 Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
 Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet

England's Helicon.

11

Yet (alas!) before you goe,
Hear your wofull maister's storie ?
Which to stones I else would showe,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie,
When 'tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest shepherdesse,
Fiercest, but yet fairest euer :
Stella, whom the heavens still blesse,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherite neuer.

Stella hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue has proued
In this caitiffe heart to be,
Then can in good by us be moved
Towards lambkins best beloved.

Stella hath refused me
Astrophell that so well serued,
In this pleasant spring must see
While in pride flowers be preserued,
Himselfe only winter-sterued,

Why (alas) then doth she sweare,
That she loueth me so dearly :
Seeing me so long to beare
Coales of loue that burne so clearely,
And yet leaue me helplesse meereley?

Is that loue ? forsooth I trow,
If I saw my good dogge greened,
C ij

And

England's Helicon.

And a helpe for him did know,
 My loue should not be beleued,
 But he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away ;
 Feigning loue, somewhat to please me.
 Knowing, if she should display
 All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
 And of hideous torments ease me.

Then my dear flocke now adieu,
 But (alas!) if in your straying,
 Heauenly Stella meets with you,
 Tell her in your pittious blaying,
 Her poore slave's uniust decaying.

Finis. Sir Phil. Sidney.

**HOBBINOL'S DITTIE IN PRAISE OF ELIZA, QUEENE
 OF THE SHEPHERDS.**

Ye dainty nimphs that in this blessed brooke
 Doe bath your brest,
 Forsake your watry bowers, & hither looke
 At my request ;
 And you faire virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
 Whence floweth Helicon the learned well ;
 Helpe me to blaze
 Her worthy praise,
 Who in her sex doth all excell.

Of

Of faire Eliza be your siluer song,
 That blessed wight:
 The flower of virgins may she flourish long
 In princely plight:
 For she is Syrinx daughter, without spot,
 Which Pan the shepherd's god on her begot:
 So sprung her grace
 Of heauenly race,
 No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sets upon the grassie greene,
 O seemely sight!
 Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queene,
 And ermines white.
 Upon her head a crimson coronet,
 With daffadils & damaske roses set:
 Bay leaues betweene,
 And primeroses greene,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

Tell me, have ye beheld her angels face,
 Like Phoebe faire?
 Her heauenly hauiour, her princely grace,
 Can well compare:
 The red-rose medled, & the white yfere,
 In either cheekke depeincten liuely cheere.
 Her modest eye,
 Her majestie,
 Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head
 On her to gaze:

C iij

But

England's Pelicon.

But when he saw how broad her beames did spread,
 It did him maze.
 He blusht to see another sunne below,
 Ne durst again his fierie face outshow:
 Let him if he dare
 His brightnesse compare
 With hers to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thyselfe Cynthia, with thy silver rage,
 And be not abasht,
 When she the beames of thy beauty displayes,
 Oh! how art thou dasht?
 But I will not match her with Latonae's seed,
 Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed,
 Now is she a stone,
 And makes deadly mone,
 Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot
 Such a Bellibone:
 And Syrinx rejoyce that it euer was her lot
 To beare such a one.
 Soone as my younglings cry for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milke-white lamb.
 She is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepheard's swaine,
 Albe-for-swonk, & for-swat I am.

I see Caliope speede her to the place
 Where my goddesse shines:
 And after her the other Muses trace
 With their violines.

Bia

England's Helicon.

15

Bin they not bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for Eliza in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the Graces can it foote,
To the instrument:
They dauncen deffely, & singen soote
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce euen?
Let that roome to my lady be giuen.
She shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of ladies bright,
Ranged in a roe?
They beene all ladies of the lake behight
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefe nimph of all,
Of oliue-branches beares a coronall.
Oliues beene for peace,
When warres doe surcease,
Such for a princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the pinke & purple cullumbine,
With gilly flowers;
Bring sweet carnasions, & sops in wine,
Worne of paramours.
Strew me the ground with daffa-down-dillies,
And cow-slips, & kings-cups, and loued lillies.

C ij

The

England's Bellcon.

The pretty paunce
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall watch with the faire flower-deluce.

Ye shepheard's daughters that dwell on the greene,
 Hye you there apace;
 Let none come there but such as virgins beene,
 To adorne her Grace.
 And when you come where she as she is in place,
 See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace,
 Binde your fillets fast,
 And gird on your wast,
 For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Now rise up, Eliza, decked as thou art
 In royall ray:
 And now ye dainty damsels may depart
 Each one her way.
 I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long:
 Let dame Eliza thanke you for her song.
 And if you come hether
 When damsins I gather,
 I will part them all, you among.

Finis. Edm. Spencer.

THE SHEPHEARD'S DAFFADILL.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way
 By yonder little hill,
 Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
 Sawst thou my daffadill?

She's

England's Helicon.

17

She's in a frock of Lincolne greene,
The colour maydes delight;
And neuer bath her beauty scene
But through a vayle of white.

Then roses nites to behold
That dresse up louers bowers;
The pansie & the marygold
Are Phœbus paramours.

Thou well describ'st the daffadill,
It is not full an hower
Since by the spring near yonder hill
I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou did'st not meete,
Nor news of her doest bring;
Yet is my daffadill more sweete
Than that by yonder spring.

I saw a shepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of lillie;
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A wreath of daffadillie.

Yet Gorbo: thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For know, my pretty daffadill
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew itself but neere her scate
No lilly is so bold;

D

Except

England's Helicon.

Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the colde.

Through yonder vale as I did passe
Descending from the hill;
I met a smerking bonny lasse,
They call her Daffadill.

Whose presence as along she wente,
The pretty flower did greete;
As though their heads they downe-ward bent
With homage to her feete.

And all the shepherds that were nie,
From top of euery hill;
Unto the vallics loud did crie,
There goes sweet Daffadill.

I gentle shepheard now with ioy,
Thou all my flocks doest fill;
Come goe with me thou shepheard's boy,
Let us to Daffadill.

Finis.

Michaell Drayton.

A CANZON PASTORALL IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTIE.

Alas! what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground covering,
Can we, poore we embrace,

When

England's Helicon.

19

When euery bird on euery branch can sing,
Naught but this note of woe, alas?
Alas! this note of woe why should we sound?
With us as May, September hath a prime,
Then birds & branches your alas is fond,
Which call upon the absent summer time.
For did flowres make our May,
Or the sunbeames your day,
When night & winter did the world embrace,
Well might you waile your ill, & sing alas.

Loe matron-like the earth herselfe attires,
In habite graue;
Naked the fields are, bloomlesse are the briers,
Yet we a summer haue,
Who in our clime kindleth these lining fires,
Which bloomes can on the briers saue.
No ice doth christallize the running brooke,
No blast defloures the floure adorned field.
Christall is cleare, but clearer is the looke,
Which to our climes these living fires doth yeeld.
Winter though euery where
Hath no abiding here:
On brooks & briers she doth rule alone,
The sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

Finis. . . . *Edmund Bolton.*

D ij.

MELICERTUS

England's Pelican.

MELICERTUS MADRIGALE.

What are my sheepe without their wonted food?
 What is my life except I gaine my loue?
 My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood,
 My life is lost unlesse I grace approue.
 No flower that saplesse thriues,
 No turtle without pheare.

The day without the sunne dothe lower for woe,
 Then woe mine eyes, unlesse they beauty see.
 My sonne Samelaes eyes, by whom I know
 Wherin delight consists, where pleasures be.
 Nought more the heart reuiues
 Than to embrace his deere.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,
 Our humours by their light possesse their power:
 Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,
 Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower
 Towards the source of loue,
 It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes, cleare to your ioy, behold her eyes,
 Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses:
 In them the heauen of ioy & solace lyes,
 Without them euery hope his succour misses.
 Oh how I live to proue,
 Where to this solace tends?

Fins.

Ro. Greene.

OLD

OLD DAMON'S PASTORALL.

From fortune's trownes & change remou'd,
Wend, silly flocks, unblessed feeding:
None of Damon more belou'd,
Feede, gentle lambs, while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth
All the pride & pompe of citie:
But true peace with shepheards dwelleth,
(Shepheards who delight in pittie)
Whether grace of heauen beholdeth,
On our humble mindes such pleasure;
Perfect peace with swaines abideth,
Loue & faith is shepheard's treasure.
On the lower plaines the thunder
Little thriues, & nought preuaileth:
Yet in citie breedeth wonder,
And the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne tyrant
Threatneth kings, not shepheards humble:
Age makes silly swaines delirent,
Thirst of rules garres great men stumble.
What to other seemeth sorrie
Abject state & humble biding:
Is our ioy & countrie glorie,
Highest states haue worse betiding:
Golden cups do harbour poyson,
And the greatest pompe dissembling:
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
Treason haunts in most assembling.

D iij

Homely

England's Helicon.

Homely hearts doe harbour quiet,
 Little feare, & mickle solace:
 States suspect their bed & diet,
 Feare & craft do haunt the palace.
 Little would I, little want I,
 Where the minde & store agreeth,
 Smallest comfort is not scantie,
 Least he longs that little seeth.
 Time hath beene that I haue longed,
 Foolish I, to like of folly,
 To conuerse where honour thronged,
 To my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, & seeing sorrow,
 That the day consum'd returnes not:
 Who dare trust upon to morrow,
 When nor time, nor life sojourns not.
Finis. *Thom. Lodge.*

PERIGOT AND CUDDIE'S ROUNDELAY.

It fell upon a holy-eue,
 Hey hoe, holy-day:
 When holy fathers wont to shrive,
 Now gioneth this Roundelay.
 Sitting upon a hill so hie,
 Hey hee the high hill:
 The while my flock did feede thereby,
 The while the shepheards selfe did spill.

I saw

I saw the bounding Belly-bone,
 Hey hoe, bonny-bell:
 Tripping ouer the dale alone,
 She can bip it very well.
 Well decked in a frock of gray,
 Hey hoe, gray is greete:
 And in a kirtle of green say,
 The greene is for maydens meete.

A chaplet on her head she wore,
 Hey hoe, the chaplet:
 Of sweet violets therin was store,
 She's sweeter than the violet.
 My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
 Hey hoe, silly sheepe:
 And gard on her as they were wood,
 Wood as he that did them kepe.

As the bonny lasse passed by,
 Hey hoe, bonny lasse:
 She rol'd at me with glauncing eye,
 As cleare as the chrystall glasse
 All as the sunnie beame so bright,
 Hey hoe, the sun beame,
 Glaunceth from Phœbus face forth-right,
 So Lone into my heart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
 Hey-hoe, the thunder:
 Wherin the lightsome leuin shrouds,
 So cleaues my soule asunder.
 Or as dame Cynthia's siluer ray,
 Hey hoe, the moone-light:

D. iiij

Upon

England's Helicon.

Upon the glistening wave doth play,
Such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my heart did glide
Hey-hoe, the glider:
Therewith my soule was sharply gride,
Such wounds some wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Hey hoe, Perigot:
I left the head in my heart roote,
It was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more & more,
Hey hoe, the arrow:
Ne can I find salue for my sore,
Loue is a curelesss sorrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
Hey hoe, heauie cheere;
Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,
So you may buy gold too deare.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
Hey hoe, pinching paine;
Or thrue in wealth, she shall be mine,
But if thou can her obtaine,
And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,
Hey hoe, gracelesse griefe.
Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,
Let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
Hey hoe, the fair flocke:

For

England's Pelican.

25

For preefe thereof my death shall weep,
And moane with many a mocke.
So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
Hey hoe, holy day:
That euer since my heart did greue,
Now endeth our roundelay.
Finis. Edm. Spencer.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

In the merry month of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride:
There I spied all alone,
Phillida & Corydon.
Much a doo there was, God wot,
He would loue & she would not.
She said neuer man was true,
He said, none was false to you,
He said, he had lou'd her long,
She said, Loue should haue no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
She said, maides must kiss no men,
Till they did for good & all:
Then she made the shepheard call
All the heauens to witnesse truth:
Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea & nay, & faith & troath,

E

Such

England's Pelicon.

Such as silly shepheards use
 When they will not Loue abuse.
 Loue which had beene long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.
 And Phillida with garlands gay,
 Was made the lady of the May.

*Finis.**N. Breton.*

TO COLIN CLOUTE.

Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
 Where fairest shades did hide her,
 The windes blew calme, the birds did sing,
 The coole streames ranne beside her.
 My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
 To see what was forbidden:
 But better memory said, fie,
 So, vaine desire was chidden.
 Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond Imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell,
 Her feature or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreames doe smile,
 And sometimes fall a weeping,
 So I awakt, as wise this while,
 As when I fell a sleeping.
 Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

*Finis.**Shepherd Tonic.*

ROWLAND'S

ROWLAND'S SONG IN PRAISE OF THE FAIREST BETA.

O thou siluer Thames, O clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of fouds shalt be.
Let all the nimphs be joyfull then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be, the subject of my lay.

With daintie & delightsome straines of sweetest virelayes,
Come, louely shepheards, sit we downe, & chaunt our Beta's praise.
And let us sing so rare a verse
Our Beta's praises to rehearse,
That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore shepheards sing,
And rivers backward bend their course, & flow unto the spring.

Range all thy swannes, faire Thames, together on a ranke:
And place them duly one by one upon thy stately banke.
Then set together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood:
And craue the tunefull nightingale to helpe ye with her lay;
The ozell & the thrustle cocke, chiefe musicke of our May.

O see what troopes of nimphs been sporting on the strands;
And they beene blessed nimphs of peace, with oliues in their hands.
How merrily the Muses sing
That all the flourie meddowes ring;
And Beta sits upon the banke in purple & in pall,
And shee the Queene of Muses is, & weares the coronall.

Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree,
O happy sight unto all those that loue & honour thee.

The blessed angels haue prepar'd
 A glorious crown for thy reward.
 Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar weares,
 But such a glittering starrie crown as Ariadne beares.

Make her a goodly chaplet of azur'd Cullumbine,
 And wreath about her coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
 Bedeck our Beta all with lillies,
 And the dainty daffadillies;
 With roses damaske, white & red, & fairest flowre-delice,
 With cowlips of Ierusalem, & cloaues of paradise.

O thou faire torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
 And thou bright shining Cynthia, the glory of the night.
 You starres, the eyes of heauen,
 And thou the gliding leuen,
 And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed:
 When she sheaues forth her rayes, then dasht is all your pride.

See how the day stands still, admiring of her face,
 And time loe stretcheth forth his armes, thy Beta to embrace.
 The syrens sing sweet layes,
 The Trytons sound her praise,
 Go pass on, Thames, and hie thee fast unto the ocean sea,
 And let thy billowes there proclaim thy Beta's holy-day.

And water thou the blessed roote of that green oliue tree,
 With whose sweet shadow all thy bankes with peace preserued be.
 Laurell for poets & conquerours,
 And mirtle for Love's-paramours.
 That fame may be thy fruit, the boughs preserved by peace,
 And let the mournfull cypres die, now stormes & tempests cease.
 Weele

Weele strew the shoare with pearle; where Beta walks alone,
And we will paue her princely bower with richest Indian stone.
Perfume the ayre, & make it sweete,
For such a goddesse it is meete
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light,
No meruaile then, although they so doe dazell human sight.

Sound out your trumpets then, from London's stately towers,
To beat the stormie winds a-backe, & calme the raging showers.
Set to the cornet & the flute,
The orpharion & the lute:
And tune the tabor & the pipe to the sweet violins:
And moue the thunder in the ayre with lowdest clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars smoake with yerely sacrifice,
And long thy sacred temples may their sabbaths solemnize;
Thy shepheards watch by day and night,
Thy maides attend the holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her armes from east to west,
And Albion on the Appenine aduance her conquering crest.
Finis. *Mich. Drayton.*

THE BARGINET OF ANTIMACHUS.

In pride of youth, in midst of May,
When birds with many a merry lay
Salute the sun's up-rising;
I sate me downe fast by a spring,
And while there merry chaunters sing,
I fell upon surmizing.

E ij

Amidst

England's Pelican.

Amidst my doubts & mind's debate,
 Of change of time, of world's estate,
 I spyed a boy attired
 In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
 Some pretty feathers fit for flight,
 Wherewith he still aspired.
 A bowe he bare, to worke men's wrack,
 A little quiver at his back,
 With many arrowes filled :
 And in his soft & pretty hand,
 He held a liuely burning brand,
 Where-with he louers killed.
 Fast by his side, in rich array,
 There sat a louely lady gay,
 His mother as I guessed :
 That set the lad upon her knee,
 And trim'd his bow, & taught him flee,
 And mickle loue professed.
 Oft from her lap at sundry howres,
 He leapt & gathered sommer flowres,
 Both violets & roses :
 But see the chaunce that followed fast,
 As he the pompe of pride doth wast
 Before that he supposes,
 A bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
 Did sting his hand, & made him cr
 Oh, mother, I am wounded !
 Fair Venns that beheld her sonne,
 Cryed out, alas ! I am undone,
 And thereupon she swounded.
 My little lad, the Goddess sayd,
 Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd ?

He

England's Helicon.

31

He answered: gentle mother,
The hony-worker in the hive
My griefe & mischiefe doth contriue,
Alas it is none other.
Shee kist the lad: now marke the chaunce,
And strait she fell into a traunce,
And crying, thus concluded:
Ah! wanton boy, like to the bee,
Thou with a kisse bath wounded mee,
And haplesse Loue included.
A little bee doth thee affright,
But ah! my wounds are full of spright;
And cannot be recured:
The boy that kist his mother's paine,
Gan smile, & kist her whole againe,
And made her hope assured.
He suckt the wound, & swag'd the sting,
And little Loue ycurde did sing,
Then let no louers sorrow.
To day though griefe attaint his hart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
Amends will come to morrow.
Finis. *Thom. Lodge.*

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes brought home with euening sonne
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepheards trudge when light of day is done:
E ij

Upon

Upon a tree,
 The eagle, loue's faire bird, did pearch,
 There resteth hee.
 A little fly his harbour then did search,
 And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
 To pearch wheras the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd & shooke his royall wings,
 And charg'd the flie
 From thence to hie.
 Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
 Yet seekes againe,
 Fearefull to pearke him by the eagle's side.
 With moodie vaine
 The speedie poast of Ganimede replide:
 Vassaile auunt, or with my wings you die,
 Is't fit an eagle seat him with a flie?

The flie crau'd pittie, still the eagle frown'd:
 The silly flie,
 Ready to die,
 Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
 The eagle sawe,
 And with a royall minde said to the flie,
 Be not in awe,
 I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
 Then scale thee heere: the joyfull flie up-flings,
 And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

A PASTORALL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there growes a flower
Faire befall the daintie sweet:
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heauenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chaire,
Fringed all about with gold:
Where doth sit the fairest faire,
That euer eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis faire & bright,
Shee that is the shepherd's ioy:
Shee that Venus did despight,
And did blinde her little boy.

This is shee, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see:
This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
There is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me see,
One good looke, & I am gone:
Look on me for I am hee,
Thy poore silly Coridon.

F

Thou

England's Helton.

Thou that art the shepherd's queene,
 Looke upon thy silly swaine:
 By thy comfort haue beene scene
 Dead men brought to life againe.

*Finis.**N. Breton.*

CORIDON AND MELAMPUS SONG.

Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be void of feares?
Mel. When Ielousie hath neither eyes nor cares.
Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be throughly shrieued?
Mel. When it is hard to speake, & not believed.
Cor. Melampus, when is Loue most male content?
Mel. When louers range, & beare their bowes unbent.
Cor. Melampus, tell me, when Loue takes least harme?
Mel. When swaines sweet pipes are puft, & truls are warme.
Cor. Melampus, tell me, when is Loue best fed?
Mel. When it has suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. Melampus, when is Loue in time ill spent?
Mel. When it carnes mead & yet receaves no rent.
Cor. Melampus, when is time well spent in loue?
Mel. When deeds win meed, & words loue workes doe proue.

*Finis.**Geor. Peele.*

TITYRUS

TITYRUS TO HIS FAIRE PHILLIS.

The silly swaine whose loue breeds discontent,
 Thinkes death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
 Sad he lookes, sad he lies :
 But when his fortunes mallice doth inuent,
 Then of Loue's sweetnes he will sweetly sing ;
 Thus he liues, thus he dies.
 Then Tityrus whom Loue hath happy made,
 Will rest thrice happy in this mirtle shade.
 For though Loue at first did greene him :
 Yet did Loue at last releue him.

Finis.

I. D.

SHEPHEARD.

Sweet thrall, first step to Loue's felicitie.
 Shepherdesse.
 Sweet thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.
 Hee. O life. Shee. What life ?
 Hee. Sweet life. Shee. No life more sweet :
 Hee. O Loue. Shee. What Loue ?
 Hee. Sweet Loue. Shee. No Loue more meet.

Finis.

I. M.

ANOTHER BY THE SAME AUTHOUR.

Fields were ouer-spread with flowers,
 Fairest choise of Floraes treasure :
 Shepheards there had shady bowers,
 Where they oft repos'd with pleasure.
 Meadowes flourish'd fresh & gay,
 Where the wanton heards did play.

Springs more cleare then christall streames.
 Seated were the groues among,
 Thus nor Titan's scorching beames,
 Nor earth's drouth could shepheards wrong
 Fair Pomonae's fruitfull pride :
 Did the budding branches hide.

Flockes of sheepe fed on the plaines,
 Harmelesse sheepe that roamd at large :
 Here & there sate pensiuë swaines,
 Wayting on their wandring charge.
 Pensiuë while their lasses smil'd,
 Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
 Vallies stor'd with Vestae's wealth :
 Both did harbour sweet delight,
 Nought was there to hinder health.
 Thus did heauen grace the soyle :
 Not deform'd with workmen's toyle.

Purest plot of earthly mold,
 Might that land be justly named :

England's Helicon.

37

Art by nature was controled,
Art, which no such pleasures framed.
Fayrer place was neuer scene :
Fittest place for beauties' queene.

Finis.

I. M.

MENAPHON TO PERSANA.

Faire fields proud Florae vaunt, why is't you smile
When as I languish?
You golden meades why shine you to beguile
My weeping anguish?
I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
Why doe you spring thus?
What will not Boreas, tempests wrathfull King,
Take some pittie on us?
And send forth Winter in her rustie weede,
To waile my bemoanings,
While Idis tresk doe tune my country reede
Unto my groanings.
But heauen & earth, time, place, & euery power
Haue with her conspired:
To turne my blissfull sweet to balefull sower
Since I this desired.
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
Aye me unhappy!
It was my fault t' imbrace my bane the fire
That forceth me to die.
Mine be the payne, but her's the cruell cause
Of this strange torment.

F iij

Wherefore

England's Helicon.

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause
Till proud she repent.

Finis.

Ro. Greene.

A SWEET PASTORALL.

Good Muse rocke me a sleepe
With some sweet harmonie:
The weary eye is not to keepe
Thy wary companie.

Sweet Loue be gone a while,
Thou knowest my heauiness:
Beautie is borne but to beguile
My hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
That lou'd to feede on hie:
Doe head long tumble downe the rocke,
And in the vallis die.

The bushes & the trees
That were so fresh & greene:
Doe all their daintie colour leese,
And not a leafe is scene.

The blackebird & the thrush
That made the woods to ring:
With all the rest are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet

England's Helicon.

39

Sweet Philomele the bird,
That hath the heauenly throat :
Doth now alas not once afford
Recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost
Each hearbe hath lost her sauour:
And Phillida the faire hath lost
The comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
So kill me in conceit :
That how to hope upon delights,
It is but mere deceite.

And therefore my sweet Muse
Thou knowest what helpe is best :
Do now thy heauenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dreame bewray
What fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

Finis.

N. Breton.

Fiiiij

HARPALUS

HARPALUS COMPLAINT ON PHILLADAES LOUE BE-
STOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOUED HER NOT,
AND DENYED HIM THAT LOUED HER.

Phillida was a faire maide,
As fresh as any flower,
Whom Harpalus, the heardsman prayde
To be his paramour.
Harpalus & eke Corin
Were heards men both yfere :
And Phillida could twist & spirne,
And thereto sing full cleare.
But Phillida was all too coy,
For Harpalus to winne ;
For Corin was her onely ioy,
Who forc'd her not a pinne.
How often would she flowers twine ?
How often garlands make :
Of cowslips & of cullumbine,
And all for Corin's sake.
But Corin he had hawkes to lure,
And forced more the field ;
Of louers law hee took no cure,
For once hee was beguil'd ;
Harpalus preuailed naught,
His labour all was lost :
For he was furthest from her thought,
And yet he lou'd her most.
Therefore woxe he bothe pale & leane,
And dry as clod of clay ;
His flesh it was consumed cleane,
His colour gone away.

His

England's Pellicon.

41

His beard it had not long been shaue.
His haire hung all unkempt :
A man most fit euen for the grave,
Whom spitefull loue had spent.
His eyes were red, & all forewatcht,
His face besprent with teares :
It seem'd unhap had him long hatcht,
In midst of his dispaire.
His cloathes were blacke & also bare,
As one forlorne was hee :
Upon his head he alwayes ware
A wreath of willow-tree.
His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale :
And thus with sighs & sorrowes shrill,
He gan to tell his tale.
Oh Harpalus, thus would he say,
Unhappiest under sunne :
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By loue was first begun.
For thou wentst first by sute to seeke
A tyger to make tame :
That sets not by thy loue a leeke,
But makes thy grief a game.
As easie were it to convert
The frost into a flame :
As for to turne a froward hart
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he livith carelesse,
He leapes among the leaues :
He eates the fruit of thy redresse,
Thou reap'st, he takes the sheaves.

G

My

England's Helicon.

My beasts awhile your foode refraine,
 And harke your heardman's sound:
 Whom spightfull Loue, alas, hath slaine,
 Through-girt with many a wound.
 Oh! happy be ye beasts wild,
 That here your pasture takes:
 I see that ye be not beguild,
 Of these your faithfull makes.
 The hart he feedeth by the hinde,
 The bucke hard by the doe:
 The turtle-doue is not unkinde
 To him that loues her so.
 The ewe she hath by her the ram,
 The young cowe hath the bull:
 The calfe with many a lusty lamb
 Doe feede their hunger full.
 But, well-away, that Nature wrought
 Thee Phillida so faire:
 For I may say that I haue bought
 Thy beauty all too deere.
 What reason is't that cruelty
 With beauty should haue part?
 Or else that such great tirannie,
 Should dwell in woman's hart?
 I see therefore to shape my death,
 She cruelly is prest:
 To th' end that I may want my breath,
 My dayes beene at the best.
 Oh Cupid grant this my request,
 And doe not stop thine cares:
 That she may feeke within her brest
 The paine of my despaire.

Of

England's Helicon.

43

Of Corin that is carelesse,
That she may craue her fee:
As I haue done, in great distresse,
That lou'd her faithfully.
But since that I shall die her slaue,
Her slaue & eke her thrall:
Write you my friends upon my graue,
This chance that is befall.
Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
By cruell loue now slaine,
Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
Hath mured with disdaine.

Finis.

L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT, BUT MADE AS IT
WERE IN AUNSWERE.

On a goodly summer day,
Harpalus & Phillida;
He, a true harted swaine
She, full of coy disdaine,
droue their flocks to field:
He to see his shepheardesse,
She did dreame on nothing lesse,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-faced despaire,
wholely did him yeeld.
Corin she affected still,
All the more thy heart to kill.

G ij

Thy

England's Helicon.

Thy case doth make me rue
 That thou shouldst loue so true,
 And be thus disdain'd:
 While their flockes a feeding were,
 They did meete together there.
 Then with a curtsie lowe,
 And sighs that told his woe,
 Thus to her he plain'd.
 Bide awhile faire Phillida,
 List what Harpalus will say
 Onely in loue to thee,
 Though thou respect not mee,
 Yet vouchsafe an eare:
 To preuent ensuing ill,
 Which no doubt betide thee will,
 If thou do not foresee,
 To them it presently
 Then thy harme I feare,
 Firme thy loue is well I wot,
 To the man that loues thee not,
 Louely & gentle mayde,
 Thy hope is quite betrayde,
 Which my heart doth greeue.
 Corin is unkinde to thee,
 Though thou thinke contrarie:
 His loue is growne as light,
 As is his falcon's flight,
 This sweet nimph belecue.
 Mopsus daughter, that young mayde,
 Her bright eyes his heart hath strayde

From

From his affecting thee,
 Now there is none but shee
 That is Corin's blisse:
 Phillis, men the virgin call,
 She is buxome, faire & tall,
 Yet not like Phillida:
 If I my minde might say,
 Eyes oft deeme amisse.
 He commends her beauty rare,
 Which with thine may not compare;
 He does extoll her eye,
 Silly thing, if thine were by,
 Thus conceit can erre:
 He is rauish'd with her breath,
 Thine can quicken life in death,
 He praiseth all her parts;
 Thine, winnes a world of harts,
 More if more there were.
 Looke sweet nimph upon thy flock
 They stand still, & now feede not;
 As if they shar'd with thee,
 Griefe for the iniurie
 Offred to true loue.
 Pretty lambkins how they moane,
 And in bleating seeme to groane,
 That any shepheard's swaine
 Should cause their mistress paine:
 By affects remoue.
 If you looke but on the grasse,
 It's not halfe so greene as 'twas:
 When I began my tale,
 G iij

But

England's Helicon.

But is as wither'd pale,
 All in mere remorse.
 Marke the trees that brag'd euen now,
 Of each goodly greene leaud bow,
 They seeme as blasted all,
 Ready for winter's fall,
 Such is true loue's force.
 The gentle murmur of the springs
 Are become contrary things :
 They haue forgot their pride,
 And quite forsake their glide,
 As if charm'd they stand.
 And the flowers growing by,
 Late so fresh in euery eye ;
 See how they hang the head,
 As on a suddaine dead
 Dropping on the sand.
 The birds that chaunted it, yer-while
 Ere they heard of Corin's guile,
 Sit as they were afraide,
 Or by some hap dismaide,
 For this wrong to thee.
 Harke sweet Phil how Philomell,
 That was wont to sing so well ;
 Iargles now in yonder bush,
 Worser then the rudest thrush.
 As it were not shee.
 Phillida, who all this while,
 Neuer gaue a sigh or smile :
 Round about the field did gaze,

As

England's Helicon.

47

As her wits were in a maze,
 Poore despised mayd.
And reuiued at the last,
After streames of teares were past :
Leaning on her shepheard's hooke,
With a sad & heauie looke,
 The poore soule she sayd.
Harpalus, I thank not thee,
For this sorry tale to mee :
Meete me here againe tomorrow,
Then I will conclude my sorrow
 Mildly, if may be :
With their flockes they home doe fare,
Eithers heart too full of care :
If they doe meete againe,
Then what they further sayne
 You shall hear from me.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

**THE NYMPHES MEETING THEIR MAY QUEENE, ENTER-
TAINNE HER WITH THIS DITTIE.**

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chiefe holy-day.
For though this clime were blest of yore,
Yet was it neuer proud before.
 O beauteous queene of second Troy,
 Accept of our unfained joy.

G iij

Now

England's Helicon.

Now th' ayre is sweeter than sweet balme,
 And satyres dance about the palme;
 Now earth with verdure newly dight,
 Giues perfect signs of her delight.
 O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie
 And trees doe whistle melodie;
 Now euery thing that Nature breeds,
 Doth clad itselfe in pleasant weedes.
 O beauteous queene, &c.

*Finis.**Tho. Watson.*

**COLIN CLOUTE'S MOURNFUL DITTIE FOR THE DEATH
 OF ASTROPHEL.**

Shepherds that wont on pipes of oaten reede
 Oft-times to planne your loue's concealed smart,
 And with your pitious lays have learn't to breede
 Compassion in a country lasses hart:
 Harken ye gentle shepherds to my song,
 And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
 The mournfulst verse that euer man did sing;
 To you whose softned hearts it may unpierce
 With dolour's dart for death of Astrophell.
 To you I sing, & to none other wight,
 For well I wot, mine rimes beene rudely dight,

Yet

England's Pelicon.

49

Yet as they beene, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing but the dead.
And if in him fam'd pittie euer place:
Let him be moued to pittie such a case.

Finis.

Edm. Spencer.

DAMETAS JIGGE IN PRAISE OF HIS LOUE.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cherily,
Feare not Shepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery dale, fill euery plaine,
Both sing & say; Loue feels no paine.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a greene,
On a greene so merrily,
On a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth scene,
Heard to each swaine, scene to each trull:
Both sing & say; Loue's ioy is full.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the sunne,
In the sunne so merrily,
In the sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, & let thy rimes runne
Downe to the dales, to the hills aboue:
Both sing & say; no life to loue.

H

Iolly

England's Helicon.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the shade,
 In the shade so merrily,
 In the shade so cherily,
 Ioy in thy life, life of shepheard's trade,
 Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee,
 Both sing, & say; sweet Loue for me.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard here or there,
 Here or there so merrily,
 Here or there so cherily,
 Or in thy chat, either at thy cheere,
 In euery jigge, in euery lay,
 Both sing & say; Loue lasts for aye.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard Daphne's Loue,
 Daphne's loue so merrily,
 Daphne's loue so cherily,
 Let thy fancie never more remoue,
 Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
 Still sing & say; Loue's yoake is sweet.

*Finis.**John Wootton.*

MONTANUS PRAISE OF HIS FAIRE PHŒBE.

Phœbe sate,
 Sweet she sate,
 Sweet sate Phœbe when I saw her,
 White her brow,
 Coy her eye,
 Brow & eye, how much you please me.

Words

Words I spent,
 Sighs I sent,
 Sighs & words could neuer draw her,
 Oh my Loue
 Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could euer ease thee.
 Phœbe sate
 By a fount,
 Sitting by a fount I spide her,
 Mark her touch,
 Rare her voyce,
 Touch & voyce what may distaine you ?
 As she sung,
 I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tride her,
 Oh mine eyes
 You did loose,
 Her first sight, whose want did paine you.
 Phœbus flocks
 White as wooll
 Yet were Phœbe's lookes more whiter,
 Phœbus eyes
 Doue-like mild,
 Doue-like eyes both mild & cruell,
 Montane swears
 In your lampes
 He will die for to delight her.
 Phœbe yield,
 Or I die,
 Shall, true hearts be fancie's fuell ?

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

H ij

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS THE FORSAKEN
SHEPHEARD.

Thestilis, a silly swaine, when loue did him forsake,
In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus 'gan his plaint to make.
Ah! wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughts, unto thy loue unknown.
Thy nimph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thyself a foe.
Ye louers that haue lost, your hearts desired choyce:
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stood so great in fortune's grace,
Nor with his sweat (alas! too deere) possess'd so high a place:
As I whose simple heart, aye thought himself still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.
She knowes my guiltlesse heart, and yet she lets it pine:
Of her untrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
What wonder is it then if I berent my haire:
And crauing death continually, doe bathe myself in teares:
When Cræsus, King of Lida, was cast in cruell bands,
And yeelded goods & life into his enemies hands:
What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his grieve much lesse
Than mine, for I haue lost my loue, which might my woe redress.
Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound
That ye maye helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
Ye riuers rest awhile, & stay your streames that runne:
Rue Thestilis, the wofulst man, that rests under the sonne.
Transport my sighs ye winds, unto my pleasant foe:
My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
Oh! happy man were I, if all the gods agreed:
That now the sisters three, should cut in twaine my fatall thread.
Till life with loue shall end, I here resigne all ioy.
Thy pleasant sweet I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy
Farewell

Farewell my deere, therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
If that I die, it shal be said : that thou hast slaine thine owne.

Finis.

L. T. Howard. E. of Surrie.

TO PHILLIS THE FAIRE SHEPHEARDESSE.

My Phillis hath the morning sunne,
At first to looke upon her :
And Phillis hath morne-waking birds,
Her risings still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-featherd flowres,
That smile when she treads on them :
And Phillis hath a gallant flocke,
That leapes since she doth owne them.
But Phillis hath too hard a hart,
Alas, that she should haue it.
It yeelds no mercie to desert,
Nor grace to those that craue it :
Sweet sunne, when thou lookst on,
Pray her, regard my moane ;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yeeld some pittie, woo her ;
Sweet flowers, that she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one.
And if in life her loue she will agree me :
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

Finis.

S. E. D.

THE SHEPHEARD'S DORON'S JIGGE.

Through the shrubs as I can crack,
 For my lambs, pretty ones,
 'Mongst many little ones,
 Nymphs I meane, whose haire as black
 As the crow,
 Like as the snow
 Her face & brow shin'd I weene,
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene
 As was shee
 On her knee
 That lull'd the God whose arrowes warmes
 Such merry little ones,
 Such faire-fac'd pretty ones,
 As dally in Loue's chiefest harmes.
 Such was mine
 Whose gray eyene
 Made me loue; I gan to wooc
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one.
 I wooc hard a day or two,
 Till she bad,
 Be not sad,
 Wooc no more, I am thine owne,
 Thy dearest little one,
 Thy truest pretty one,
 Thus was faith & firme loue shoune,
 As behooues
 Shepherd's Loues.

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.*

ASTROPHELL

ASTROPHELL HIS SONG OF PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

Faire in a morne, (O fairest morne)
 Was neuer morne so faire :
 There shone a sunne, though not the sunne,
 That shineth in the ayre.
 For the earth, & from the earth,
 (Was neuer such a creature :)
 Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
 That carried such a feature.
 Upon a hill, (O blessed hill,
 Was neuer hill so blessed)
 There stode a man, (was neuer man
 For woman so distressed)
 This man beheld a heauenly view,
 Which did such vertue giue :
 As cleares the blinde, and helps the lame,
 And makes the dead man liue.
 This man had hap, (O happy man
 More happy none than hee;)
 For he had hap to see the hap,
 That none had hap to see.
 This silly swaine, (and silly swaines
 Are men of meanest grace :)
 Had yet the grace, (O gracious guest)
 To hap on such a face.
 He pittie cried, & pittie came,
 And pittied so his paine :
 As dying, would not let him die,
 But gaue him life againe.
 For ioy whereof he made such mirth
 As all the woods did ring :
 H iij

And

And Pan with all his swaines came out
 To heare the shepheards sing ;
 But such a song sung neuer was,
 Nor shall be sung againe.
 Of Phillida the shepheards queene
 And Coridon the swaine.
 Faire Phillis is the shepheard's queene,
 (Was neuer such a queene as shee)
 And Coridon her onely swaine,
 (Was neuer such a swaine as he.)
 Faire Phillis hath the fairest face,
 That euer eye did yet behold.
 And Coridon the constant'st faith
 That euer yet kept flocke in fold.
 Sweet Phillis is the sweetest sweet,
 That euer yet the earth did yield,
 And Coridon the kindest swaine,
 That euer yet kept lambs in field.
 Sweet Philomell is Phillis bird,
 Though Coridon be he that caught her :
 And Coridon doth heare her sing,
 Though Phillida be she that taught her.
 Poore Coridon doth keepe the fields,
 Though Phillida be she that owes them :
 And Phillida doth walke the meades,
 Though Coridon be he that mowes them.
 The little lambs are Phillis loue,
 Though Coridon is he that feedes them :
 The gardens faire are Phillis ground,
 Though Coridon is he that weedes them.
 Since then that Phillis onely is,
 The onely shepheards onely queene :

And

England's Helicon.

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And Coridon the onely swaine,
That onely hath her shepherd beene.
Though Phillis keepe her bower of state,
Shall Coridon consume away?
No, Shepherd, no, worke out the weeke,
And Sunday shall be holy-day.

Finis.

N. Breton.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD'S SONG.

On a day, (alack the day,)
Loue whose moneth was euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the veluet leaues the winde,
All unscene gan passage finde:
That the shepherd (sick to death,)
Wish'd himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow:
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alas, my hand hath sworne,
Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
Vow (alack) for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whom loue would sweare
Iuno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himselfe for loue,
Turning mortall for thy loue.

Finis.

W. Shakespeare.

I

THE

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHEARD'S COMPLAINT.

My flocks feede not, my ewes breed not,
 My rammes speed not, all is amisse :
 Loue is denying, Faith is defying ;
 Harts rening, causer of this.
 All my merry jiggas are quite forgot,
 All my ladie's loue is lost, God wot,
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
 There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed fickle Dame,
 For now I see, inconstancie
 More in women than in men remaine.

In blacke mourne I, all feares scorne I,
 Loue hath forlorne me, liqing in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall,
 My Shepheard's Pipe can sound no deale,
 My weather's bell rings dolefull knell,
 My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
 Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procure to weepe,
 In howling-wise to see my dolefull plight:
 How sighs resound, through hartlesae ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare wels spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not forth their die :
 Heards stand weeping—flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs

Nymphs backs peeping fearefully.
 All our pleasure knowne to us poore swaines,
 All our merry meeting on the plaines.
 All our euening sports from us are fled.
 All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
 Farewell sweet Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moane:
 Poore Coridon must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

Finis.

Ignote.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME SHEPHEARD'S.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a groupe of mirtles made,
 Beasts did leape & birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, & plants did spring.
 Euery thing did banish moane,
 Saue the nightingale alone.
 She, poore bird, as all forlorne,
 Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
 And there sung the dolefull'at ditty,
 That to heare it was great pittie.
 Fic, fie, fie, now would she crie
 Tera, teru, by and by.
 That to heare her so complaine
 Scarce I could from teares refraine.

I ij

For

England's Pelicon.

For her griefes so liuely showne,
 Made me thinke upon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine,
 None takes pittie on thy paine.
 Sencelesse trees, they cannot heare thee,
 Ruthlesse beasts, they will not cheare thee,
 King Pandion he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapt in lead.
 All thy fellow birds doe sing,
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing ;
 Euen so poore bird like thee,
 None aliue will pittie mee.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

THE SHEPHEARD'S ALLUSION OF HIS OWNE AMOROUS
 INFELICITIE TO THE FATE OF ACTÆON.

Actæon lost in middle of his sport
 Both shape & life for looking but awry:
 Diane was afraid he would report
 What secrets he had scene in passing by.
 To tell but truth, the self same hurt haue I:
 By viewing her for whom I daily die.
 I leese my wonted shape, in that my minde
 Doeth suffer wracke upon the stonie rock
 Of her disdaine, who contrarie to kinde
 Docs beare a breast more hard than any stock ;
 And former forme of limbes is changed quite:
 By cares in loue, & want of due delight

I leese my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaiileth nought,
Where service cannot haue a due reward.
I dare not name the nimph that workes my smart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Finis.

T. Watson.

MONTANUS SONNET TO HIS FAIRE PHOEBE.

A Turtle sate upon a leauesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad & sorrie cheare,
About her wondring stood,
The citizens of wood,
And whilest her plumes she rents,
And for her loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that doth her view,
Her paines & sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me haue overthrowne,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on me?

The loue sicke Polipheme that could not see
Who on the barren shore,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in moane
For Galatea gone,
And with his cries

Afflicts

England's Helicon.

Afflicts both earth & skies
 And to his woe betooke,
 Doth breake both pipe & hooke
 For whom complaines the morne,
 For whom the sea nimphs mourne.
 Alas! his paine is nought,
 For were my woe but thought:
 Oh how would Phoebe sigh if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
 Yet glad am I:
 If gentle Phoebe daine,
 To see her Montane die.

*Finis.**Thom. Lodge.*

PHEBE'S SONNET, A REPLY TO MONTANUS PASSION.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phillis sung,
 By fancy once distressed:
 Whoso by foolish Loue are stung
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

When Loue was first begot,
 And by the mother's will,
 Did fall to human lot,
 His solace to fulfill,
 Deuoid of all deceit,
 A chaste & holy fire,

Did

Did quicken men's conceit,
And women's breasts inspire.
The gods that saw the good,
That mortals did approve,
With kinde & holy mood
Began to talke of Loue.
Downe a downe,
Thus Phillis sung
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare,
Whilest Loue in deed & word,
Most faithfull did appeare;
False semblance came in place,
By Iealousie attended:
And with a double face,
Both loue & fancie blended,
Which made the gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie:
And maydens scorne a make,
Forsooth, & so will I.
Downe a downe,
Thus Phillis sung,
By fancie once distressed:
Whoso by foolish Loue are stung,
Are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

I iij

CORIDON

CORIDON'S SUPPLICATION TO PHILLIS.

Sweet Phillis, if a silly swaine,
 May sue to thee for grace:
 See not thy louing shepheard slaine,
 For looking on thy face.
 But thinke what power thou hast got,
 Upon my flocke and mee:
 Thou seest they now regard me not
 But all doe follow thee.
 And if I haue so farre presum'd,
 With prying in thine eyes:
 Yet let not comfort be consum'd
 That in thy pittie lyes
 But as thou art that Phillis faire,
 That fortune fauour giues:
 So let not Loue dye in despaire,
 That in thy fauour liues.
 The deere doe brouse upon the bryer,
 The birdes doe picke the cherries:
 And will not beautie grant desire,
 One handfull of her berries?
 If it be so that thou hast sworne,
 That none shall looke on thee;
 Yet let me know thou dost not scorne
 To cast a looke on me.
 But if thy beautie make thee proud,
 Thinke then what is ordain'd:
 The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd
 That loue should be disdain'd.
 Then lest the fates that fauour Loue,
 Should curse thee for unkinde,

Let

England's Helicon.

65

Let me report for thy behooue,
The honour of thy minde;
Let Coridon with full consent,
Set downe what he hath seene:
That Phillida with Loue's content,
Is sworne the Shepheard's Queene.

Finis.

N. Breton.

DAMÆTAS MADRIGALL IN PRAISE OF HIS DAPHNIS.

Tvne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
Loue faire and bright:
Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
Heauen's loue's delight,
With Daphnis prayse.

To pleasant *Tempe* groues and plaines about,
Plaines, Shepheard's pride:
Resounding ecchoes of her praise ring out,
Ring farre and wide
My Daphnis praise.

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
Sounds loud and shrill:
Doe make each note vnto the skies rebound,
Skies calme and still,
With Daphnis pra' se.

K

Her

England's Helicon.

Her tresses are like wiers of beaten gold,
 Gold bright and sheene:
 Like Nisus golden haire that Scilla pold.
 Scill, ore-seene
 Through Minos loue.

Her eyes like shining lamps in midst of night,
 Night darke and dead:
 Or as the starres that giue the seamen light,
 Light for to lead
 Their wandring ships.

Amidst her cheeks the rose and lily striue,
 Lilly, snow white:
 When their contend doth make their colour thrue.
 Colour too bright
 For Shepheard's eyes.

Her lips like scarlet of the finest die,
 Scarlet blood red:
 Teeth white as snow which on the hils doth l.
 Hils ouer-spread
 by Winter's force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest silke,
 Silke soft, and fine:
 Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
 Milke of the kine
 Of Daphnis heard:

As swift of foote as is the pretty roe,
 Roe swift of pace:

When

England's Helicon.

67

When yelping hounds pursue her to and fro.
Hounds fierce in chase,
To reauē her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude:
Daphnis deserts and beautie are too rare,
Then heere conclude
Faire Daphnis praise.

Finis.

I. Wootton.

**DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS FAIRE SHEPHEARDESSE
SAMELA.**

Like to Diana in her sommer weede,
Girt with a crimson roabe of brightest die,
Goes faire Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that stragling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie.
Is faire Samela.
As faire Aurora in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her Loue:
Is faire Samela.
Like louely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies moue.
Shines faire Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the brests are iuorie:
Of faire Samela.
Her cheeks like rose and lilly yeeld forth gleames,

K ij

Her

England's Helicon.

Her browes bright arches fram'd of ebonie,
 Thus faire Samela
 Passeth faire Venus in her brightest hew,
 And Iuno, in the shew of majestic:
 For she's Samela.
 Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
 Yeeld to Samela.

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.*

WODENFRIDE'S SONG IN PRAISE OF AMARGANA.

The sunne the season in each thing
 Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet spring
 Hath put to flight the winter keene:
 To glad our louely sommer queene.

The paths where Amargana treads
 With flowrie tap'stries Flora spreads.
 And Nature cloathes the ground in greene,
 To glad our louely sommer queene.

The groaues put on their rich aray
 With hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay;
 And sweet perfum'd with eglantine,
 To glad our louely sommer queene.

The silent riuer stayes his course,
 Whilst playing on the christall source:

The

England's Helicon.

69

The siluer scaled fish are seene
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little birds with their loud voyces,
In consort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

The fiercie flockes doe scud and skip,
The wood-nimphs, fawnes and satires trip,
And daunce the mirtle trees betweene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

Great Pan, (our god) for her deere sake,
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of shepheards, lads, and lasses sheene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

And euery swaine his chaunce doth proue,
To winne faire Amarganae's loue;
In sporting strife, quite voide of spleene,
To glad our louely sommer queene.

All happines let heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses Nine,
Long liue our louely sommer queene.

Finis.

W. H.

K iij

ANOTHER

England's Pelicon.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Happy Shepheards sit and see,
 With ioy,
 The peerlesse wight :
 For whose sake Pan keepes from ye
 Annoy,
 And giues delight,
 Blessing this pleasant spring,
 Her praises must I sing.
 List you swaines, list to me,
 The whiles your flocks feeding be.

First her brow a beauteous globe
 I deeme,
 And golden haire ;
 And her cheek Auroraes roabe
 Doth seeme,
 But farre more faire.
 Her eyes like starres are bright,
 And dazle with their light.
 Rubies her lips to see,
 But to taste, nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile
 Doth linke
 The Graces three :
 Her white necke doth eyes beguile
 To thinke
 It iuorie.
 Alas her lilly hand
 How it doth me command ?

Softer

England's Helicon.

71

Softer silke none can be :
And whiter milke none can see.

Circes wand is not so strait
As is
Her body small :
But two pillers beare the waight
Of this
Maesticke hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alabaster pure ;
Polish'd fine in each part :
Ne'er Nature yet shewed like art.

How shall I her pretty tread
Expresse
When she doth walke ?
Scarse she does the primrose head
Depresse
Or tender stalke
Of blew-vein'd violets,
Whereon her foote she sets.
Vertuous she is, for we finde,
In body faire, a beaut'ous minde.

Loue faire Amargana still
Extold
In all my rime :
Hand want art, when I want will
T' vnfold
Her worth diuine.
But now my muse doth rest,
Despaire clos'd in my brest.
K iij

Of

England's Helicon.

Of the valour I sing :
Weake faith no hope doth bring.

*Finis.**W. H.*

AN EXCELLENT PASTORALL DITTIE.

A carefull nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
Vnder the shaddow of an ashen tree ;
With lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
Vnto a nimph that bare her company :
No sooner had she tuned euery string,
But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies, and nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
On whom the cheerefall sunne did neuer rise :
If pittie's stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
Come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes,
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares.
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
The freezing doubts, the guilefull promises :
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtill toyes,
The brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wished warre in such vncertaine peace :
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy mother's lap
Do'st lye, and heare the crie of my complaint.

And

And seest, and smilest at my sore mishap,
That lacke but skill my sorrowes here to paint:
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
My body quicke, my heart began to leape:
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
The fruit of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my soul still tyers:
In bayle forsooke, and left me in the bryers.

Then fancie strung my lute to layes of Loue,
And Loue hath rock'd my wearie muse a-sleepe;
And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
And euery paine I feele doth force me weepe.
Then farewell fancie, loue, sleepe, paine, and sore,
And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

PHILLIDA'S LOUE-CALL TO HER CORIDON, AND HIS
REPLYING.

Phil. Coridon, arise my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare:
Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon,
Who is it that I heare:
Phi. Phillida thy true loue calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,

L

Anie

- Arise and keep thy flocke with me.
Cor. Phillida, my true loue is it she?
 I come then, I come then,
 I come and keepe my flocke with thee.
- Phil.* Here are cherries ripe for my Coridon,
 Eate them for my sake:
Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my louely one,
 Sport for thee to make.
Phil. Here are threeds my true loue, fine as silke,
 To knit thee, to knit thee
 A paire of stockings white as milke.
Cor. Here are reedes my true loue, fine and neate,
 To make thee, to make thee,
 A bonnet to withstand the heate.
- Phil.* I will gather flowers my Coridon,
 To set in thy cap:
Cor. I will gather pearces my louely one
 To put in thy lap.
Phil. I will buy my true-loue garters gay,
 For Sundayes, for Sundayes,
 To weare about his legges so tall.
Cor. I will buy my true-loue yellow say,
 For Sundayes, for Sundayes,
 To weare about her middle small.
- Phil.* When my Coridon sits on a hill
 Making melodie:
Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheel,
 Singing cherily.
Phil. Sure methinks my true-loue doth excell

for

England's Helicon.

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Cor. For sweetnesse, for sweetnesse,
Our Pan that old Arcadian knight :
And methinks my true-loue beares the bell
For clearenesse, for clearenesse,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my Coridon, my Coridon,
Beene (alack) my swaine :
Cor. Had my louely one, my louely one,
Beene in Ida plaine,
Phil. Cinthia Endimion had refus'd,
Preferring, preferring,
My Coridon to play with-all :
Cor. The queene of love had beene excus'd
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phillida the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my mother, Coridon,
Whether shall I stie?
Cor. Vnder yonder beech my louely one,
While she passeth by.
Phil. Say to her thy true loue was not here,
Remember, remember,
Tomorrow is another day :
Cor. Doubt me not my true-loue, doe not feare,
Farewell then, farewell then,
Heauen keepe our loues alway.

Finis.

Ignoto.

England's Helicon.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SOLACE.

Phœbus delights to view his laurell tree,
 The poplar pleaseth Hercules alone:
 Melissa mother is and faultrix to the bee,
 Pallas will weare the oliue branch alone.
 Of shepheards and their flocks Pales is queene:
 And Ceres ripes the corne was lately greene.
 To Chloris euery flower belongs of right,
 The Dryade nimphs of woods make chiefe account:
 Orcades in hills haue their delight,
 Diana doth protect each bubling fount.
 To Hebe louely kissing is assign'd,
 To Zephire euery gentle-breathing wind.
 But what is Loue's delight? to hurt each where
 He cares not whom with darts of deepe desire:
 With watchfull iealousie, with hope, with feare,
 With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.
 O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
 This little god, so great a cause of woe.

*Finis.**Tho. Watson.*

SYRENUS SONG TO EUGERIUS.

Let now the goodly spring tide make vs merrie,
 And fields, which pleasant flowers doe adorne:
 And vales, meads, woods, with liuely colours flourish,
 Let plenteous flocks the shepheard's riches nourish.

Let

Let hungry wolues by dogges to death be torne,
 And lambes reioyce, with passed winter wearie,
 Let euery riuer's ferrie
 In waters flow, and siluer streames abounding,
 And fortune, ceaselesse wounding.
 Turne now thy face, so cruell and vnstable,
 Be firme and fauorable.
 And thou that kill'st our soules with thy pretences,
 Molest not (wicked loue) my inward sences.

Let country plainenesse liue in ioyes not ended,
 In quiet of the desert meades and mountaines,
 And in the pleasure of a country dwelling.
 Let shepheards rest, that haue distilled fountaines
 Of teares; proue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
 Vpon poore soules, that neuer haue offended.
 Let thy flames be incended
 In haughty courts, in those that swim in treasure,
 And liue in ease and pleasure.
 And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted sadnes)
 A perfect rest and gladnes,
 And hills and dales may giue mee: with offences,
 Molest not (wicked loue) my inward sences.

In what law find'st thou, that the freest reason
 And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,
 And harmlesse soules vnto thy cruell murder.
 O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth furdur
 From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,
 And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season
 O vile and wicked treason,
 Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell

England's Helicon.

Of force must be so cruell?
 To be a lord, yet like a tyrant minded,
 Vaine boy, with error blinded.
 Why do'st thou hurt his life with thy offences,
 That yeelds to thee his soule and inward sences?

He erres (alas) and foulely is deceiued,
 That calls thee God being a burning fire :
 A furious flame, a playning grieve and clamorous,
 And Venus sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
 Gentle and mild and full of sweet desire)
 Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
 And yet that she conceaued
 By prooffe, so vile a sonne, and so vnruely :
 I say (and yet say truly)
 That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
 Both iustly may be blamed :
 She that did breed him with such vile pretences,
 He that doth hurt so much our iuward fences.

The gentle sheepe and lambs are euer flying,
 The rauenous wolues & beasts that are pretending
 To glut their mawes with flesh they teare asunder.
 The milke-white doves at noyse of fearefull thunder
 Fly home a-maine, themselues frõ harme defending.
 The little chick, when puttocks are a crying.
 The woods and meadowes dying
 For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
 Doe neuer cease to craue it.
 So every thing his contrary resisteth,
 Onely thy thrall persisteth.

In

In suffering of thy wrongs without offences:
And lets thee spoile his heart and inward senses.

A publique passion, Nature's lawes restrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A soule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
And endlesse plaint, that shunnes all consolation.
A spendlesse flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendlesse death, yet life in death maintaining
 A passion, that is gaining
On him that loueth well, and is absented,
 Whereby it is augmented.
A iealousie, a burning grieve and sorrow,
 These fauours louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences:
Consuming still their soule and inward senses.

Finis.

Bar. Young.

THE SHEPHERDS ARSILEUS REPLY TO SYRENUS SONG.

O let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet & siluer showers,
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late depriued,)
 With grasse and leaues, fine buds and painted flowers,
Ecchoe, returne unto the woods obscure,
Ring forth the Shepheard's song in loue contriued.
 Let old Loues be reuiued,
Which angry winter buried but of late,
 And that in such a state

L iijj

My

England's Belicon.

My soule may haue the full accomplishment
 Of ioy and sweet content.
 And since fierce paines and griefes thou do'st controul
 Good Loue, doe not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Shepheards) once to make you merrie,
 With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant song,
 (Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
 If you sing not to him, your songs doe wearie,
 Crown him with flowers, or else ye do him wrong;
 And consecrate your springs to his behests.
 I to my shepherdcasse
 My happy loues with great content doe sing,
 And flowers to her doe bring,
 And sitting neere her by the riuer side,
 Enioy the braue spring-tide.
 Since then thy ioyes such sweetnesse doth enroule
 Good Loue doe not forsake my inward soule.

The wise (in ancient times) a God thee nam'd,
 Seeing that with thy power and supream might,
 Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make:
 For thee a heart is frozen and enflam'd,
 A foole thou mak'st a wise man with thy light,
 The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.
 The mighty gods did quake
 At thy command: to birds & beasts transformed
 Great monarchs haue not scorned
 To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure:
 Such spoiles thou do'st procure
 With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould,
 With which (sweet Loue) thou coquer'st euery soule

In

In other times obscurely I did liue,
 But with a drowsie, base, and simple kinde
 Of life, and onely to my profit bend me :
 To thinke of loue myselfe I did not giue,
 Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
 Neuer did any shepherdesse commend me.
 But crowned now they send me
 A thousand garlands, that I wone with praise,
 In wrastling dayes by dayes,
 In pitching of the barre with arme most strong,
 And singing many a song.
 After that thou didst honour, and take hould
 Of my (sweet Loue) and of my happy soule.

What greater ioy can any man desire
 Then to remaine a captiue vnto Loue :
 And haue his heart subiected to his power ?
 And though sometimes he tast a little sower
 By suffering it, as mild as gentle doue
 Yet must he be, in lieu of that great hire
 Whereto he doth aspire:
 If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,
 Let them with cause complaine
 Of cruell fortune, and of time's abuse,
 And let not them accuse
 Thee (gentle Loue) that doth with blisse enfold
 Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing soule.

Behold a faire sweet face, and shining eyes
 Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,
 Sending vnto the soule a perfect light :
 Behold the rare perfections of those white

M

And.

England's Helicon.

And iuorie hands, from griefe's most surest barres,
 That minde wherein all life and glory lyes,
 That ioy that neuer dyes,
 That he doth feele, that loues and is beloued,
 And my delights approued,
 To see her pleas'd, whose Loue maintaines me here,
 All those I count so deere,
 That though sometimes Loue doth my ioyes controule,
 Yet I am glad he dwels within my soule.

*Finis.**Bar. Young.*

A SHEPHEARD'S DREAM.

A silly shepheard lately sate
 Among a flock of sheepe:
 Where musing long on this and that,
 At last he fell asleepe.
 And in the slumber as he lay,
 He gaue a pitteous groane:
 He thought his sheepe were runne away,
 And he was left alone.
 He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
 But not a sheepe came neere him:
 Which made the Shepheard sore appall'd
 To see that none would heare him.
 But as the swaine amazed stood,
 In this most solemne vaine:
 Came Phillida forth of the wood,
 And stood before the swaine.

Whom

England's Helicon.

83

Whom when the Shepheard did behold,
He straight began to weepe :
And at the heart he grew a cold,
To thinke vpon his sheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
The Shepheard durst not stay:
And where that he durst not be seene,
The sheepe must needes away.
To aske her if she saw his flock,
Might happen patience moue :
And haue an answer with a mock,
That such demanders proue.
Yet for because he saw her come
Alone out of the wood:
He thought he would not stand as dombe,
When speech might doe him good,
And therefore falling on his knees,
To aske but for his sheepe :
He did awake, and so did leese
The honour of his sleepe.

Finis.

N. Breton.

THE SHEPHEARD'S ODE.

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
Blossomes on the hawthorne bong,
Philomell (Night-musiques king)
Told the comming of the Spring.

M ij

Whose

England's Helicon.

Whose sweet siluer sounding voyce,
 Made the little birds reioyce,
 Skipping light from spray to spray,
 Till Aurora shew'd the day.
 Scarse might one see, when I might see
 (For such chances sudden be)
 By a well of marble-stone,
 A shepheard lying all alone.
 Weepe he did, and his weeping
 Made the fading flowers spring.
 Daphnis was his name I weene,
 Youngest swaine of Summer's Queene.
 When Aurora saw 'twas he,
 Weepe she did for companie:
 Weepe she did for her sweet sonne,
 That (when antique Troy was wonne)
 Suffer'd death by lucklesse fate,
 Whom she now laments too late:
 And each morning (by cocks crewe)
 Showers downe her siluer dewe,
 Whose teares falling from their spring,
 Giue moisture to each liuing thing
 That on earth encrease and grow,
 Through power of their friendly foe.
 Whose effect when Flora felt,
 Teares, that did her bosome melt,
 (For who can resist teares often,
 But she whom no teares can soften?)
 Peering strait above the banks,
 Shew'd herselfe to giue her thanks,
 Wondring thus at Nature's worke,
 (Wherein many meruailes lurke).

Methought

Methought I heard a dolefull noyse
 Consorted with a mournfull voyce,
 Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
 Heare I did, vnto my paine,
 (For who is not pain'd to heare
 Him in grieve whom heart holds deere?)
 Silly swaine with grieve ore-gone,
 Thus to make his pitteous moane:
 Loue I did, alas the while,
 Loue I did, but did beguile
 My deere Loue with louing so,
 Whom as then I did not know.
 Loue I did the fairest boy
 That these fields did ere enioy.
 Loue I did faire Ganimede,
 Venus darling, beauties bed:
 Him I thought the fairest creature,
 Him the quintessence of nature.
 But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
 (Loue of reason is bereau'd)
 For since then I saw a lasse,
 Lasse that did in beauty passe:
 Passe faire Ganimede as farre
 As Phœbus doth the smallest starre.
 Loue commanded me to loue,
 Fancie bad me not remoue
 My affection from the swaine
 Whom I neuer could obtaine:
 (For who can obtaine that fauour
 Which he cannot grant the crauer?)
 Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
 Loue that so my heart assail'd.

M iij

Wounding

England's Helicon.

Wounding me with her faire eyes,
 Ah how Loue can subtilize ?
 And devise a thousand shifts
 How to worke men to his drifts ?
 Her it is, for whom I mourne,
 Her, for whom my life I scorne :
 Her, for whom I weepe all day,
 Her, for whom I sigh and say
 Either she, or else no creature
 Shall enioy my loue : whose feature
 Though I neuer can obtaine,
 Yet shall my true loue remaine :
 Till (my body turn'd to clay)
 My poore soule must passe away
 To the heauens; where I hope
 It shall finde a resting scope :
 Then since I loued thee alone,
 Remember me when I am gone.
 Scarse had he these last words spoken,
 But methought his heart was broken,
 With great griefe that did abound,
 (Cares a griefe the heart confound)
 In whose heart thus riu'd in three,
 Eliza written I might see
 In caracters of crimson blood,
 Whose meaning well I vnderstood,
 Which, for my heart might not behold :
 I hied me home my sheepe to fold.

*Finis.**Rich. Barnefelde.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NIMPH.

What shepheard can expresse
The fauour of her face?
To whom in this distresse
I doe appeale for grace.
A thousand Cupids flye
About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessed by desire.
No sweeter life I trie
Then in her loue to die.

The lilly in the field
That glories in his white:
For purenesse now must yeeld,
And render vp his right.
Heauen pictur'd in her face
Doth promise ioy and grace.

Faire Cynthiaes siluer light
That beates on running streames,
Compares not with her white;
Whose haire are all sun-beames.
So bright my nimph doth shine
As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the damaske-rose:
M iij

Which

England's Helicon.

Which in her cheekes is spred,
 Where euery fauour growes;
 In skie there is no starre,
 But she surmounts it farre.

When Phœbus from the bed
 Of Thetis doth arise,
 The morning blushing red,
 In faire carnation wise:
 He shewes in my nimph's face,
 As Queene of euery grace.

This pleasant lilly white,
 This taint of roseate red:
 This Cynthiae's siluer light,
 This sweet faire Dea spred
 These sun-beames in mine eye,
 These beauties make me die.

Finis.

Earle of Oxenford.

CORIDON TO HIS PHILLIS.

Alas, my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
 Presumptuous eye, to gaze on Phillis face:
 Whose heavenly eye no mortall man may see,
 But he must die or purchase Phillis grace.
 Poor Coridon, the nimph whose eye doth moue thee,
 Doth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Her

Her beautie, Nature's pride, and shepheard's praise,
 Her eye, the heauenly planet of my life :
 Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
 As if that loue had made her for his wife.
 Onely her eyes shoot fierie darts to kill :
 Yet is her hart as cold as Caucase hill.
 My wings too weake to flye against the sunne,
 Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light;
 My hart doth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
 Thus bath faire Phillis slaine me with her sight.
 My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe :
 And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.
 Phillis the golden fetter of my minde,
 My fancie's idoll, and my vitall power :
 Goddess of nimphe, and honour of thy kinde,
 This age's Phoenix, beautie's richest bower,
 Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die :
 Thy beautie's thrall, and conquest of thine eye.
 Leaue Coridon to plough the barren field,
 Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace :
 For Phillis lookes no hartie loue doe yeeld,
 Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.
 Die Coridon, the spoile of Phillis eye :
 She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

Finis

N

S. E. Dyer.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOUE.

Melibeus. Shepherd, what's Loue, I pray thee tell?

Faustus. It is that fountaine, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heauen or hell,
And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, I prethee say?

Faust. It is a worke on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,
When lustie bloods in fresh aray,
Heare ten monthes after of the play,
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard saine?

Faust. It is a sunshine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
It is a game, where none doth gaine.
The lasse saith no, and would full faine:
And [this] is Loue as I heare saine.

Meli. Yet Shepheard, what is Loue, I pray?

Faust. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soone away,
Then Nymphs take vantage while ye may:
And this is Loue as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard show?

Faust. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe.
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooues shall finde it so,
And Shepheard this is Loue I trow.

Finis.

Ignoto.

TO

England's Helicon.

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TO HIS FLOCKES.

Feede on my flockes securely,
Your Shepheard watched surely ;
Runne about my little lambs,
Skip and wanton with your dammes,
Your louing heard with care will tend ye.
Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip Væstaes flowring treasure.
I my selfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge doth barke,
From wolfe and foxe I will defend ye.

Finis.

H. C.

A ROUNDELAY BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS.

1 *Shep.* Tell me thou gentle Shepheard's swaine,
Who is younder, in the vale is set ?

2 *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doe staine
The lilly, rose, the violet.

1 *Shep.* Why doth the sunne against his kind,
Fixe his bright chariot in the skies ?

2 *Shep.* Because the sunne is strooken blinde,
With looking on her heauenly eyes.

1 *Shep.* Why doe thy flockes forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chiefe delight ?
N ij

2 *Shep.*

- 2 *Shep.* Because they need no other good
That liue in presence of her sight.
- 1 *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly heath?
- 2 *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.
- 1 *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so slow away,
Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine care?
- 2 *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
When they her beauenly voyce doe heare.
- 1 *Shep.* From whence come al these Shepheard swains,
And louely Nimphs attir'd in greene?
- 2 *Shep.* From gathering garlands on the plaines,
To crowne our faire the Shepheard's Queene.
- Both.* The sunne that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witness beare :
These Nimphs and Shepheards all doe know,
That it is she is onely faire.

*Finis.**Michaell Drayton.*

THE SOLITARIE SHEPHEARD'S SONG.

O shadie vale, O faire enriched meades,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, & rising mountaines :

O

England's Helicon.

93

O painted flowers, greene hearbs where Flora treads,
Refresht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged queristers of wood,
That pearcht aloft, your former paines report :
And strait againe recount with pleasant moode,
Your present ioyes in sweet and seemely sort.

O all you creatures whosoeuer thrue,
On mother earth, in seas, by ayre, by fire:
More blest are you then I heere vnder sunne,
Loue dies in me, when as hee doth reuiue
you, I perish vnder beautie's ire,
Where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is wun.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

THE SHEPHEARD'S RESOLUTION IN LOUE.

If loue himselfe be subiect vnto Loue,
And range the woods to finde a mortall pray,
If Neptune from the seas himselfe remoue,
And seeke on sands with earthly wights to play :
Then may I loue my Shepheardesse by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight?
If Pluto could by Loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld himselfe a silly virgin's thrall,
If Phœbus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a rusticke mayde vnto his call.
Then how much more should I adore the sight:
Of her in whom the beauens themselues delight?

N iij

If

England's Pelican.

If countrie Pan might follow nimphs in chase,
 And yet through Loue remaine deuoid of blame,
 If Satires were excus'd for seeking grace,
 To ioy the fruits of any mortall dame.
 My Shepheardesse, why should not I loue still,
 On whom nor gods nor men can gaze their fill?

*Finis.**Thom. Watson.*

CORIDON'S HYMNE IN PRAISE OF AMARILLIS.

Would mine eyes were christall fountaines,
 Where you might the shadow view
 Of my greefes, like to these mountaines,
 Swelling for the losse of you.
 Cares which curelesse are alas,
 Helpelesse, haplesse for they grow :
 Cares like tares in number passe,
 All the seedes that Loue doth sow.
 Who but could remember all
 Twinckling eyes still representing
 Starres which pierce me to the gall?
 Cause they lend no more contenting.
 And you nectar-lips, alluring
 Humane sence to taste of heauen :
 For no art of man's manuring
 Finer silke hath euer weauen,
 Who but could remember this,
 The sweet odours of your fauour?
 When I smeld I was in blisse,

Neuer

England's Helicon.

95

Neuer felt I sweeter sauour,
And your harmlesse hart annointed,
As the custome was of kings :
Shewes your sacred soule appointed
To be prime of earthly things.
Ending thus remember all,
Cloathed in a mantle greene ;
'Tis enough I am your thrall :
Leaue to thinke what eye hath seene
Yet the eye may not so leaue,
Though the thought doe still repine,
But must gaze till death bequeath
Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine.
Which if Amarillis chaunce,
Hearing to make haste to see :
To life, death she may aduance,
Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

Finis.

T. B.

THE SHEPHEARD CARILLO HIS SONG.

Guarda mi las Vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Besa' mi primero,
Yo te las guardare.
N iij

I prethee

England's Helicon.

I prethee keep my kine for me,
 Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
 First let me haue a kisse of thee,
 And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
 That doest commend thy kine or sheepe,
 For thee I doe suffice:
 Because in this I haue beene bred,
 But for so much as I haue fed,
 By viewing thee, mine eyes;
 Command not me to keepe thy beast:
 Because myselfe, I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I prethee tell,
 Thy kine, myself that cannot well
 Defende, nor please thy kinde,
 As long as I haue serued thee?
 But if thou wilt giue vnto me
 A kisse to please my minde:
 I aske no more for all my paine,
 And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
 That I doe aske, to keepe thy neate,
 But unto me it is
 A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
 Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
 So small a gift as this,
 But if to it thou canst not frame,
 Then giue me leaue to take the same.

But

England's Helicon.

97.

But if thou dost (my sweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
Thy promise shall relent me :
Hereafter some reward to finde,
Behold how I doe please my minde,
And fauours doe content me,
That though thou speak'st it but in iest,
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue workes in me,
And how ill recompenc'd by thee ;
That with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)
I thinke myselte right well appay'd.
Although they proue a scoffe.
Then pittie me that haue forgot,
Myselfe for thee that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
And in extreame vniust despaire
Thy crueltie maintaines :
Oh that thou wert so pittifull
Vnto these torments that doe pull
My soule with sencelesse paines,
As thou shew'st in that face of thine:
Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
Assureth me both peace and grace,
Thy hard and cruell hart :
Which in that white breast thou do'st beare,
Doth make me tremble yet for feare,
Thou wilt not end my smart.

O

In

England's Helicon.

In contraries of such a kinde,
Tell me what succour shall I finde ?

If then yong Shepheardesse thou craue
A heards-man for thy beast to haue,
With grace thou maist restore
Thy Shepheard from his barren loue,
For neuer other shalt thou proue,
That seekes to please thee more :
And who to serue thy turne, will neuer shun,
The nipping frost, and beames of parching sun.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.***CORIN'S DREAME OF HIS FAIRE CHLORIS.**

What time bright Titan in the zenith sat,
And equally the fixed poales did heate :
When to my flocke my daily woes I chat,
And vnderneath a broad beech tooke my seate.
The dreaming god, which Morpheus poets call,
Augmenting fuell to my Ætnaes fire.
With sleepe possessing my weake sences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Methought I saw the Nimph I would embrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe :
A lust-led Satire hauing her in chase,
Which after her about the fields did yelpe,
I seeing my loue in such perplexed plight,

A

A sturdie bat from off an onke I reft,
 And with the rauisher continued fight,
 Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
 Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
 With kisses kinde she gratifies my paine;
 Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
 Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
 But drowsie slumbers flying to their cell,
 My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
 My wonted sorrowes still with me doe dwell,
 I looked round about on hill and dale:
 But I could neither my faire Chloris view,
 Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I slew.

Finis.

W. S.

THE SHEPHEARD DAMON'S PASSION.

Ah trees, why fall your leaues so fast?
 Ah rockcs, where are your roabes of mosse?
 Ah flocks, why stand you all agast?
 Trees, rocks, and flocks, what are ye pensiue for my losse?

The birds methinkes tune naught but moane,
 The windes breath naught but bitter plaint:
 The beasts forsake their dennes to groane, [attaint?
 Birds, windes, and beastes, what doth my losse your powers
 O ij Floods

England's Helicon.

Floods weepe their springs above their bounds,
 And eccho wailes to see my woe :
 The roabe of ruthe doth cloath the grounds,
 Floods, eccho, grounds, why doe ye all these teares bestow ?

The trees, the rocks, and flocks replie,
 The birds, the windes, the beasts report :
 Floods, eccho, grounds for sorrow crie,
 Wee greeue since Phillis will kinde Damon's loue consort.

*Finis..**Thom. Lodge.***THE SHEPHEARD MUSIDORUS HIS COMPLAINT.**

Come Shepheards weeds, become your master's minde,
 Yeeld outward shew, what inward change hee tries :
 Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you finde,
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lies.
 Come Shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
 Disuse yourselues from sweet Menalcas voyce:
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
 From those cleare notes which freely may reioice.
 Then poure out plaint, and in one word say this,
 Helplesse his plaints, who spoiles himselfe of blisse.

*Finis.**S. Phil. Sidney.***THE**

THE SHEPHEARD'S BRAULE ONE HALFE ANSWERING
THE OTHER.

1. We loue, and haue our loues rewarded?
2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
1. We finde most sweet affection's snare:
2. That sweet but sower dispairefull care.
1. Who can dispaire, whom hope doth beare?
2. And who can hope, that feesles dispaire?
All. As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No musique kindly without loue.

Finis.

S Phil. Sidney.

DORUS HIS COMPARISONS.

My sheepe are thoughts which I both guide & serue,
Their pasture is faire hils of fruitlesse loue:
On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,
I walle their lot, but will not other proue.
My sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds,
What wooll my sheepe shall beare, while thus they liue,
In you it is, you must the iudgment giue.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

England's Helicon.

THE SHEPHEARD FAUSTUS HIS SONG.

*A faire maid wed to prying Jelousie,
 One of the fairest as euer I did see :
 If that thou wilt a secret louer take,
 (Sweet life) do not my secret loue forsake.*

Ecclipsed was our sunne,
 And fair Aurora darkened to vs quite,
 Our morning starre was done,
 And Shepheard's star lost cleane out of our sight,
 When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
 Dame Nature made thee faire,
 And ill did carelesse fortune marry thee,
 And pittie with despaire
 It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A fayre maid wed to prying Iealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
 To view the sun, that flies with radiant wing :
 Vnlesse that we doe hold
 A glasse before them, or some other thing.
 Then wisely this to passe did fortune bring
 To couer thee with such a vaile :
 For heretofore when any viewed thee,
 Thy sight made his to faile.
 For (sooth) thou art : thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy

Thy graces to obscure,
 With such a froward husband, and so base ;
 She meant thereby most sure,
 That Cupid's force, & loue thou should'st embrace,
 For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case:
 Then care no more for kin,
 And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,
 To loue thou must begin :
 And from henceforth this question neuer make,
If that thou shouldst a secret louer take.

Of force it doth behooue
 That thou should'st be belou'd, and that againe
 (Faire mistresse) thou should'st loue,
 For to what end, what purpose, and what gaine,
 Should such perfections serue? as now in vaine
 My loue is of such art,
 That (of itselſe) it well deserues to take
 In thy sweet loue a part :
 Then for no Shepheard, that his loue doth make,
(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME, BY FIRMIUS THE SHEPHEARD.

If that the gentle winde
 Doth moue the leaues with pleasant sound
 If that the kid behinde
 Is left, that cannot finde
 Her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe

O iij

The

England's Pellicon.

The bagpipe, reede or flute,
 Onely with ayre if that they touched be,
 With pittie all salute,
 And full of loue doe brute
 Thy name, and sound Diana, seeing thee
A faire mayd wed to prying Ielousie.

The fierce and sauage beasts
 (Beyond their kinde and nature yet)
 With pitteous voyce and brest,
 In mountaines without rest,
 The selfe same song doe not forget.
 If that they stay'd at (*faire*)
 And had not passed to prying *Ielousie*
 With plaints of such despaire,
 As moou'd the gentle ayre
 To teares; the song that they did sing, should bee
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortune's play,
 Ill did they place in beautie's brest;
 For since so much to say
 There was of beautie sway,
 They had done well to leaue the rest.
 They had enough to doe,
 If in her praise their wits they did awake :
 But yet so must they too,
 And all thy loue that woe
 Thee not too coy, nor too too proud to make,
If that thou wilt a secret louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne

The

The beautie that they heere doe touch,
 Thou would'st then loue alone
 Thyselfe, nor any one,
 Onely thyselfe accounting much.
 But if thou dost conceaue
 This beauty, that I will not publique make,
 And mean'st not to bereaue
 The world of it, but leaue
 The same to some (which neuer peere did take,
(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

DAMELUS SONG TO HIS DIAPHENIA.

Diaphenia like the daffa-down-dilly,
 White as the sunne, faire as the lilly,
 Heigh hoe, how I doe loue thee?
 I doe loue thee as my lambs
 Are beloued of their dams,
 How blest were I if thou would'st proue me :

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
 That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
 Faire sweet how I doe loue thee?
 I doe loue thee as each flower
 Loues the sunne's life-giuing power,
 For dead, they breath to life might moue me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
 When all thy praises are expressed,

P

Deare

Deare ioy, how I doe loue thee?
 As the birds doe loue the Spring:
 Or the bees their carefull king,
 Then in requite, sweet virgin loue me.

Finis.

H. C.

THE SHEPHEARD EURYMACHUS TO HIS FAIRE SHEP-
 HEARDESSE MIRIMIDA.

When Flora proud in pompe of all her flowers
 Sate bright and gay:
 And gloried in the dewe of Iris showers,
 And did display
 Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene;
 Then I
 Alone
 A mournfull man in Ericine was scene.

With folded arms I trampled through the grasse,
 Tracing as he
 That held the throne of fortune, brittle glasse,
 And loue to be
 Like fortune fleeting, as the restlesse winde
 Mixed
 With mists,
 Whose dampe doth make the clearest eyes grow blinde.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame,
 I cast my sight,
 And sawe, where blithely bathing in the same,
 With great delight

A worme

A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate:
 And yet
 'Twas strange,
 It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stood amaz'd and wondring at the sight,
 While that a dame,
 That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
 Discourst the same,
 And said my friend this worme within the fire,
 Which lyes
 Content,
 Is Venus worme, and represents desire.

A salamander is this princely beast,
 Deck'd with a crowne,
 Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous creast
 Gainst Fortune's frowne.
 Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
 And goes
 Not forth,
 For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, so louers liue within the fire
 Of feruent loue:
 And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,
 Nor will not moue
 From any heate that Venus force imparts,
 But lie
 Content
 Within a fire, and wast away their harts.

England's Helicon.

Vp flew the dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
 But there stood I,
 And many thoughts within my minde did shroud
 My loue: for why
 I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
 And yet
 As did
 The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.***THE SHEPHEARD FIRMIUS HIS SONG.**

Shepheards giue eare, and now be still,
 Vnto my passions, and their cause,
 And what they be:
 Since that with such an earnest will,
 And such great signes of friendship's lawes,
 You aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
 Nor since I did in euery part
 Free will resigne:
 It is not long since in my sole
 Possession, I did know my hart
 And to be mine.

It is not long since euen and morrow,
 All pleasure that my heart could finde
 Was in my power:

It

It is not long since griefe and sorrow,
My louing heart began to binde
And to deuoure.

It is not long since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
Still to frequent :
Nor long, since solitarilie
I liu'd and that this life did breede
My sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
As then I saw :
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
Me with his law.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my heart, than he did view
That there did want :
But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
Then were so scant.

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(Myselfe estranged euery way
From former rest :)
That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day
In death's arrest.

P iij

I put

I put my hand into my side
 To see what was the cause of this
 Vnwouted vaine,
 Where I did finde that torments bied
 By endlesse death to preiudice
 My life with paine.

Because I saw that there did want
 My heart, wherein I did delight
 My dearest hart :
 And he that did the same supplant
 No iurisdiction had of right
 To play that part.

The iudge and robber that remaine
 Within my soule, their cause to trie,
 Are there all one :
 And so the giuer of the paine,
 And he that is condemn'd to die
 Or I, or none.

To die I care not, any way,
 Though without why, to die I greue,
 As I doe see :
 But for because I heard her say,
 None die for loue, for I beleuee
 None such there be.

Then this thou shalt beleuee by me
 Too late, and without remedie
 As did in briefe :
 Anaxerete, and thou shalt see

The

The little she did satisfie
With after grieve.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PRAISE OF HIS SACRED DIANA.

Praised be Dianae's faire and harmelesse light,
Praised be the dewes, wherwith she moists the ground:
Praised be her beames, the glory of the night,
Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.

Prais'd be her nimpha, with whom she decks the woods,
Prais'd be her knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force by which she moues the floods,
Let that Diana shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the spheares,
She mistresse-like makes all things to be pure;
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortality below her orbe is plast;
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide
In her is Vertue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With Circes let them dwell that thinke not so.

Finis.

P ij

Ignoto.

THE

England's Pelican.**THE SHEPHEARD'S DUMPE.**

Like desart woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadful beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded heart, whom Sorrow paineth.

The trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my heart maintaineth
To whet my grieve, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst heart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth
To coole the heate the helplesse heart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for their paines awarded
Your Shepheard's loue might be by you regarded.

*Finis.**S. E. D.***THE NIMPH DIANAE'S SONG.**

When that I poore soule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Presently the fates had sworne,
To foretell my haplesse state.

Titan

England's Helicon.

113

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phœbe 'clips'd her siluer light :
In my birth my mother died,
Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the nurse that gaue me suck,
Haplesse was in all her life ;
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot :
This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a graue of woes
Daily to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience :
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Neuer like was paid so much :
Iealousies doe make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doe goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds and to my sheepe ;

Q

And

England's Helicon.

And with ieaousie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doe eate,
In his bed with him I lie:
But I take no rest nor meate,
Without cruell ieaousie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he ieaous is?
In his answer then he failes,
Nothing can he say to this.]

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head:
In each corner he doth peere,
And his speech is sad and dead.

Ill the poore soule liues ywis,
That so hardly married is.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

ROWLAND'S MADRIGALL.

Faire Loue, rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne so cleere:
Sweet, be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.

Harke

Harke this pretty bubling spring,
 How it makes the meadowes ring,
 Loue now stand my friend,
 Here let all sorrow end,
 And I will honour thee.
 See where little Cupid lyes,
 Looking babies in her eyes.
 Cupid, help me now,
 Lend to me thy bowe,
 To wound her that wounded me.
 Here is none to see or tell,
 All our flocks are feeding by,
 This banke with roses spread,
 Oh it is a dainty bed,
 Fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder groaue,
 How they chaunt vnto my Loue :
 Loue, be kinde to me,
 As I haue beene to thee,
 For thou hast wonne my hart.
 Calme windes, blow you faire,
 Rock her, thou sweet gentle ayre,
 O the morne is noone,
 The euening comes too soone,
 To part my Loue and me.
 The roses and thy lips doe meete,
 Oh that life were halfe so sweet,
 Who would respect his breath,
 That might die such a death,
 Oh that life thus might die
 All the bushes that be neere
 Q ij

With

England's Helicon.

With sweet nightingales beset,
 Hush, sweet, and be still,
 Let them sing their fill,
 There's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne why do'st thou goe so fast?
 Oh why do'st thou make such hast?
 It is too earely yet,
 So soone from ioyes to flit.

Why art thou so vnkinde?
 See my little lambkins runne,
 Looke on them till I haue done,
 Hast not on the night,
 To rob me of her sight,

That liue but by her eyes.
 Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
 Harke, my dogge begins to barke;
 Some bodie's comming neere,
 They shall not finde vs heere,
 For feare of being chid.
 Take my garland and my gloue,
 Weare it for my sake, my loue:
 Tomorrow on the greene,
 Thou shalt be our Shepheard's Queene,
 Crowned with roses gay.

Finis.

Michaell Drayton.

ALANIUS

ALANIUS THE SHEPHEARD, HIS DOLEFULL SONG,
COMPLAINING OF ISMENIAE'S CRUELTY.

No more (O cruell Nymph) now hast thou prayed
Enough in thy reuenge, proue not thine ire
On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
Vnto my cost: now mollifie thy dire
Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured:
And now raise vp (though lately it hath erred),
A poore repenting soule, that in the obscured
Darknes of thy obliuion lyes enterred.
For it falls not in that, that should commend thee,
That such a swaine as I may once offend thee.

If that the little sheepe with speed is flying
From angry Shepheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great griefe is from the flock estrayed:
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, so farre estraying mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
Should it not be a iust thing to receaue it?

Lift vp those eyes (Ismenia) which so stately,
To view me, thou hast lifted vp before me,
That liberty which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the same restore me.
And that mild heart, so full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didst yeeld to me, and euer owe me:

Q iij

Bchold

England's Helicon.

Behold my Nymph, I was not then so wittie
 To know that sincere loue that thou didst shew me
 Now, wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
 Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enemie?) say, tell me,
 How thou (in greater fault and error being
 Than euer I was thought) should'st thus repell me?
 And with new league and cruell title seeing
 Thy faith so pure and worthy to be changed?
 And what is that, Ismenia, that doth bind it
 To loue, whereas the same is most estranged,
 And where it is impossible to finde it?
 But pardon me, if herein I abuse thee:
 Since that the cause thou gau'st me doth excuse me.

But tell me now, what honour hast thou gayned,
 Auenging such a fault by thee committed,
 And therevnto by thy occasion trayned?
 What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
 Or what excesse that is not amply payed,
 Or suffer more, then I haue not endured?
 What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed
 With sauage heart, to fiercenesse so adiured?
 Would not such mortall grieffe make milde & tender,
 But that, which my fell Shepheardesse doth render?

Now as I haue perceiued well thy reasons,
 Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me;
 The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
 That I haue done, wherein thou first did'st set me:
 The passions, and thine ears and eyes refusing.

To

To peare and see me, meaning to vndoe me.
 Cam'st thou to know, or be but once perusing
 Th' vnsought occasions. which thou gau'st vnto me :
 Thou shouldst not haue wherewith to more torment me,
 Nor I to pay the fault my rashnesse lent me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

MONTANA THE SHEPHEARD, HIS LOUE TO AMINTA.

I serue Aminta, whiter then the snowe,
 Straighter then cedar, brighter then the glasse :
 More fine in trip, then foote of running roe,
 More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
 More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade :
 Then Winter's sunne, or Summer's cooling shade.

Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine,
 Softer then feathers of the fairest swan :
 Smoother then iet, more stately then the pine,
 Fresher then poplar, smaller then my span.
 Clearer then Phœbus fierie pointed beame :
 Or icie crust of christals frozen streame.

Yet she is curster then the beare by kinde,
 And harder harted then the aged oake :
 More glib then oyle, more fickle then the winde,
 More stiffe then steele, no sooner bent but broake
 Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore,
 Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

Finis.

Shep. Tomie.

Q iijj

TME

THE SHEPHEARD'S SORROW FOR HIS PHŒBE'S
DISDAINE.

Oh woods, vnto your walkes my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tying Loue,
 Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
 Their natiue moisture poures,
From forth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightning's force and Winter's frost resists,
 Then Daphne's ill betide,
 And Phœbus lawlesse pride
Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be:
For selfe disdaine in Phœbe's heart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares,
Looke louely sweet: ah then forlorne I crie,
 Sweet showers for Memnon shed,
 All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pitteous plaint that still appeares,
Yeelds vigour to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine:
 I yield a terror with my teares,
 And whilst her musicke wounds mine cares,
Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafelesse bough
The haplesse bird lament her loue's depart;

I draw

England's Helicon.

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I draw her biding nigh,
And sitting downe I sigh,
And sighing say: alas, that birds auow
A settled faith, yet Phoebe scorns my smart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, forespent with daily grieve:
Each object of distresse,
My sorrow doth expresse.
I doate on that which doth my hart vndoe:
And honour her that scornes to yeeld reliefe.

Finis.

I. F.

ESPILUS AND THERION, THEIR CONTENTION IN SONG
FOR THE MAY-LADY.

Espilus. Tyne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceit, the song must needs be bie:
More high than stars, more firme than flintie field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweet soule to whom I vowed am a slaue:
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest minde,
As shallow brookes doe yeeld the greatest sound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy starres be falne, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serueth sheep,
Among his flocks so sweet a treasure keep.

R

Espilus.

England's Helicon.

Espilus. Two thousand sheepe I haue as white as milke,
 Though not so white as is thy louely face:
 The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
 All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
 But still take heed, lest thou thy selfe submit
 To one that hath no weaith, & wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand deere in wildest woods I haue,
 Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
 He is not poore, who can his freedome saue,
 Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
 But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse:
 For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.
Espilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent:
Therion. Iudge you of Loue to whom all loue is bent.

*This Song was sung before the Queene's most excellent
 Maiestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene
 a Forrester and a Shepheard for the May-Ladie.*

Finis.

S. Phil. Sydney.

OLDE MELIBEUS SONG, COURTING HIS NIMPH.

Loue's Queene long waiting for her true Loue,
 Slaine by a boare which he had chased,
 Left off her teares, and me embraced.

She

She kist me sweet, and call'd me new Loue,
 With my siluer haire she toyed,
 In my stayed lookes she ioyed.
 Boyes (shee sayd) breede beautie's sorrow:
 Old men cheere it euen and morrow.
 My face she nam'd the seate of fauour,
 All my defects her tongue defended,
 My shape she prais'd, but most commended
 My breath, more sweete then balme in sauour.
 Be old man, with me delighted,
 Loue for loue shall be requited.
 With her toyes at last she wone me:
 Now she coyes, that hath vndone me.

THE SHEPHEARD SYLUANUS HIS SONG.

My life (young Shepheardesse) for thee
 Of needes to death must post:
 But yet my griefe must stay with me,
 After my life is lost.

The grievous ill, by death that cured is,
 Continually hath remedy at hand:
 But not that torment is like to this,
 That in slow time, and Fortune's meanes doth stand.

And if this sorrow cannot be
 Ended with life (at most:)

R ij

What

England's Helicon.

What then doth this thing profit me,
A sorrow wonne or lost?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
A flattering hope, or that that had not beene yet:
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I doe no lesse for hauing seene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This grieefe, that kills me most:
If that it might be lost with me,
Or die when life is lost.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

CORIDON'S SONG.

A blithe and bonny country-lass,
Heigh hoe, bonny lass;
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
And weeping said: Will none come wooe mee?
A smicker boy, a lither swaine:
Heigh hoe, a smicker swain,
That in his loue, was wanton faine,
With smiling lookes straight came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espied,
Heigh hoe, when she espied
The meanes to make herselfe a bride,
She simpred smooth like bonnie-bell.

The

The swaine that saw her squint-eyed kinde,
 Heigh hoe, squint-eyed kinde;
 His armes about her body twin'd,
 And said, faire lasse, how fare ye, well?

The countrie kit said, well forsooth,
 Heigh hoe, well forsooth;
 But that I haue a longing tooth,
 A longing tooth that makes me crie:
 Alas (said he) what garres thy grieffe,
 Heigh hoe, what garres thy grieffe?
 A wound (quoth she) without reliefe,
 I feare a mayd that I shall die.

If that be all, the Shepheard sayd,
 Heigh hoe, the Shepheard sayd;
 I'll make thee wiue it, gentle mayde,
 And so recure thy maladie:
 Hereon they kist with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe, many an oath;
 And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
 So to the church apace they hie.

And God send euery pretty peate,
 Heigh hoe, the pretty peate,
 That feares to die of this conceit,
 So kinde a friend to helpe at last:
 Then maydes shall neuer long againe,
 Heigh hoe, to long againe;
 When they finde ease for such a paine.
 Thus my roundelay is past.

Finis.

R iij

Thom. Lodge.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONNET.

My fairest Ganimede, disdain me not,
 Though silly Shepheard, I presume to loue thee;
 Though my harsh songs and sonnets cannot moue thee,
 Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot:
 Apollo, Ioue, and many gods beside,
 S'dain'd not the name of country Shepheard swaines,
 Nor want we pleasures, though we take some paines.
 We liue contentedly; a thing call'd pride,
 Which so corrupts the court and euery place,
 (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
 And yet of late, euen learning's selfe's infected)
 I know not what it meanes in any case.
 We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,)
 Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our sheepe.

*Finis.**Rich. Barnfield.*

SELUAGIA AND SILUANUS, THEIR SONGS TO DIANA.

Sel. I see thee, iolly Shepheard, merrie,
 And firme thy faith, and sound as a berry.
Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and fortune gaue it,
 As my desire could wish to haue it.
Sel. What didst thou wish, tell me (sweet Louer)
 Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?

Sel.

- Sil.* To loue where loue should be inspired :
Since there's n o more to be desired.
- Sel.* In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Thinkst thou to haue no touch of sadnes ?
- Sil.* Good fortune gaue me not such glory :
To mock my loue, or make me sorrie.
- Sel.* If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with sighs would'st thou be dying ?
- Sil.* Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking :
For very grieve this hart is breaking.
- Sel.* Yet would'st thou change, I prethee tell me,
In seeing one that did excell me ?
- Sil.* O no, for how can I aspire
To more then to mine owne desire ?
- Sel.* Such great affection do'st thou beare me,
As by thy words thou seem'st to sweare me ?
- Sil.* Of thy deserts, to which a debter
I am, thou maist demaund this better.
- Sel.* Sometimes methinks, that I should sweare it,
Sometimes methinks, thou should'st not beare it :
- Sil.* Onely in this my hap doth grieue me,
And my desire, not to beleeue me.
- Sel.* Imagine that thou do'st not loue mine,
But some braue beautie that's aboue mine.
- Sil.* To such a thing (sweet) doe not will me,
Where fayning of the same doth kill me.

R iijj

Sel.

England's Helicon.

Sol. I see thy firmenesse, gentle loue,
 More then my beautie can discouer.
Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
 Then my desert, but not desire.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

MONTANUS HIS MADRIGALL.

It was a vallie gawdie greene,
 Where Dian at the fount was scene,
 Greene it was,
 And did passe
 All other of Dianaes bowers,
 In the pride of Florae's flowers.

A fount it was that no sunne sees
 Cirkled in with cipres trees;
 Set so nie,
 As Phœbus eye
 Could not doe the virgins scathe,
 To see them naked when they bathe.

She sate there all in white,
 Colour fitting her delight,
 Virgins so
 Ought to goe:
 For white in armorie is plaste,
 To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata cassock you might see,
 Tucked vp aboue her knee,

Which

England's Helicon.

129

Which did show
There below
Legges as white as whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie :
Fie on Venus flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse, and a boy,
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with miserie.

As thus the virgins did disdain
Louer's ioy, and louer's paine :
Cupid nie
Did espie
Greeuing at Dianae's song,
Slily stole these maides among.

His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which strait flies
In their eyes :
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

S

Calisto

England's Helicon.

Calisto strait supposed Ioue
 Was faire and frolique for to loue.
 Dian she,
 Scap'd not free,
 For well I wote heere vpon,
 She lou'd the swaine Endimion.

Clitia, Phœbus, and Chloris eye
 Thought none so faire as Mercurie :
 Venus thus
 Did discusse,
 By her sonne in darts of fire :
 None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maydes,
 Blushing thus at Loue's braides,
 With sighs all,
 Shew their thrall,
 And flinging thence, pronounc'd this saw :
 What so strong as Loue's sweet law?

*Finis.**Ro. Greene.***ASTROPHELL TO STELLA, HIS THIRD SONG.**

If Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musique's loue,
 Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue.
 If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebane walls to build
 To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyon's lyre did yeeld:
 More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
 O stones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella singeth.

If

If Loue might sweet'n so a boy of Shepheard's broode,
To make a Lizard dull to taste Loue's daintie foode:
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night;
Earth gaue that loue, heau'n I throw Loue defineth,
O beasts, O birds, looke, Loue, loe, Stella shineth.

The birds, stones and trees, feele this, and feeling Loue,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue;
Nor beasts nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small loue is quicke, and great loue doth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed?

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A SONG BETWEENE SYRENUS AND SYLUANUS.

Syrenus. Who hath of Cupid's cates & dainties praied,
May feed his stomach with them at his pleasure:
If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed,
Then let him quench his thirsting without measure.
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him and quite exempted:
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syluanus. Of Cupid's daintie cates who hath not prayed,
May be depriued of them at his pleasure:
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,

S ij

Let

Let him not quench his thirsting without measure,
 And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
 Let him abiure his standard and his banner;
 For I not free from him, and not exempted,
 Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.

Syrenus. Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
 That now I know not why he should be praised:
 He is so false, so changing, and so double,
 That with great reason he must be dispraised.
 Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
 That none should trust vnto his pecuish fashion,
 For of all mischiefe he's the only master,
 And to my good a torment and disaster.

Syluanus. Loue's so expert in giuing ioy not trouble,
 That now I know not but he should be praised:
 He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
 That in my minde he should not be dispraised:
 Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
 That every one may trust vnto his fashion.
 For of all good he is the onely master:
 And foe vnto my harmes, and my disaster.

Syrenus. Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that doth not loue, nor is beloued:
 Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
 After I had such griefe from me remoued.
 And cannot I be glad, since thus estranged,
 Myselfe from false Diana I haue changed?
 Hence, hence, false Loue, I wil not entertaine thee,
 Since to thy torments thou do'st seeke to traine me.
Syluanus.

Sylvanus. Not in these sayings to be prou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued:
 Now nights and dayes I rest in sweet desire,
 After I had such happy fortune proued.
 And cannot I be glad, since not estranged,
 Myselfe into Seluagia I haue chaunged?
 Come, come, good Loue, and I will entertaine thee,
 Since to thy sweet content thou seek'st to traine me.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

CERES SONG IN EMULATION OF CINTHIA.

Swell Ceres now, for other gods are shrinking,
 Pomona pineth,
 Fruitlesse her tree:
 Faire Phœbus shineth
 Onely on me.
 Conceit doth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
 How euery one doth read my storie,
 How euery bough on Ceres lowreth,
 Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
 And they in leaues doe onely glory,
 All other gods of power bereauen,
 Ceres onely Queene of heauen.
 With roabes and flowers let me be dressed,
 Cinthia that shineth
 Is not so cleare:
 Cinthia declineth
 When I appeare,

S iij

Yet:

England's Bellicon.

Yet in this isle she raignes as blessed,
 And euery one at her doth wonder;
 And in my cares still fond fame whispers,
 Cinthia shall be Ceres mistres.
 But first my care shall riue in sunder,
 Helpe Phoebus, helpe, my fall is suddaine,
 Cinthia, Cinthia, must be soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie at
 Bissam, the Lady Russels, in prograce.
 The Author's name vnknowne to me.*

A PASTORALL ODE TO AN HONOURABLE FRIEND.

As to the blooming prime,
 Bleake Winter being fled,
 From compasse of the clime,
 Where Nature lay as dead,
 The riuers dull'd with time,
 The greene leaues withered.
 Fresh Zephyri (the westerne brethren) be:
 So th' honour of your fauour is to me.

For as the plaines reuiue,
 And put on youthfull greene:
 As plants begin to thriue,
 That disattir'd had beene:
 And arbours now aliue,
 In former pompe are scene.

So

So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breath Faunus hath encreast the store.

Finis.

E. B.

A NIMPH'S DISDAINE OF LOUE.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing
For maydens most vnfitting,
And so thinke I, with a downe, downe, derrie.

When women knew no woe,
But liu'd themselues to please,
Men's fayning guiles they did not know
The ground of their disease.
Vnborne was false suspect,
No thought of ieaousie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
Hey down, a down, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
To which what maides gaue care:
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes:
Anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
Disguis'd in name of loue:
A ieaous hell, a painted show,
So shall they finde that proue.

England's Helicon.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
 Amongst her virgins sitting :
 Then loue there is no vainer thing
 For maidens most vnfitting.
 And so thinke I with a downe, downe, derrie.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

APOLLO'S LOUE SONG FOR FAIRE DAPHNE.

My heart and tongue were twins at once conceaued,
 The eldest was my heart, borne dumb by destinie:
 The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
 Yet strung and tun'd to play hart's harmonie:
 Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed.
 What hart would speake, the tongue doth still discouer,
 What tongue doth speake, is of the heart embraced:
 And both are one, to make a new found loue.
 New found, and onely found in gods and kings,
 Whose words are deeds, but deeds not words regarded:
 Chaste thoughts doe mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
 My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
 Engraued vpon this tree Daphne's perfection:
 That neither men nor gods can force affection.

*This dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the
 right honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley
 Castell, at her last being there in prograce. The
 Author thereof vnknowne.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD DELICIUS HIS DITTIE.

Nener a greater foe did Loue disdain,
 Or trode on grasse so gay ;
 Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent;
 More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
 Nor fairer dame hath bound in white attire,
 Or hath in lawne more gracious features tied,
 Then my sweetemie.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine;
 In her beare equall sway,
 Filling the world with wonder and content.
 But they doe giue me paine and double woe,
 Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
 And cruell chastitie from me denied
 All sence of iollitie.

There is no rose, nor lilly after raine,
 Nor flower in moneth of May,
 Nor pleasant meade, nor greene in Sommer sent,
 That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
 As that faire flower which all the heauens admire
 Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
 All grace and gifts on hie.

Methinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
 Her neck and breast display :
 Seeing the whitest ermine to frequent
 Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
 O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,

T

Or

- Faustus.* Thou do'st obserue who doth not see,
 To be belou'd a great deale more:
 And yet thou shalt not finde such store
 Of loue in others as in me:
 For all I haue I giue to thee,
 Yet faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.
- Firminus.* O trie no other Shepheard swaine,
 And care not other loues to proue:
 Who though they giue thee all their loue,
 Thou canst not such as mine obtaine:
 And wouldst thou haue in loue more gaine?
 O yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.
- Faustus.* Impossible it is, (my friend)
 That any one should me excell
 In loue, whose loue I will resell,
 If that with me, he will contend:
 My loue no equall hath, nor end.
 And yet I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.
- Firminus.* Behold how loue my soule hath charm'd,
 Since first thy beauties I did see,
 (Which is but little yet to me,)
 My freest senses I haue harm'd
 (To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
 And yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus.

Faustus. I euer gaue and giue thee still
 Such store of loue, as loue hath lent me :
 And therefore wel thou maist content thee,
 That loue doth so enrich my fill :
 But now behold my chiefest will,
 That faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

SIRENO A SHEPHEARD, HAUING A LOCKE OF HIS
 FAIRE NIMPH'S HAIRE, WRAPT ABOUT WITH
 GREENE SILKE, MOURNES THUS IN A
 LOUE-DITTIE.

What chang 's here, O haire,
 I see since I saw you?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,
 For hope the colour due?
 Indeeede I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixt with feare,
 No other Shepheard should haue scope
 Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire! how many dayes,
 My Dian made me show,
 With thousand prettie childish playes,
 If I ware you or no?
 Alas, how oft with teares,
 (Oh teares of guilefull brest :)
 She seemed full of iealous feares,
 Whereat I did but iest?

T iij

Tell

England's Helicon.

Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
 Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
 My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
 Phillis is gone that set my heart on fire,
 That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyas.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
 Phillis, (alas) the praise of woman kinde :
 Phillis the sunne of this our hemisphere,
 Whose beames made me and many others blinde ;
 But blinded me (poore swaine) about the rest :
 That like olde Oedipus I liue in thrall :
 Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best :
 My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her faire, but cruell eyes bewicht my sight,
 Her sweet, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought:
 And in her deedes I reaped such delight
 As brought both will and libertie to nought,
 Therefore all hope of happinesse adiew,
 Adiew desire, the source of all my care:
 Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
 Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's Crare.

Meane time my minde must suffer fortune's scorne,
 My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene :
 My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
 My life decayes, although my death's foreseene.
 Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but seas of teares,
 Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest :
 Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
 (I say) desire, the authour of vnrest.

And

And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate:
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee,
My being with myselte at foule debate:
My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs, and sighs, and cuer-watching eyes:
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist:
That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpine's traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs:
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.

Finis.

Tho. Watson.

FAUSTUS AND FIRMIUS SING TO THEIR NIMPH BY
TURNES.

Firminus. Of mine owneselfe I doe complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such,
That my true loue it doth restraine,
And onely this doth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

T iij

Faustus.

England's Pelican.

Or farre in shade, or sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The meade, the mount, the riuer, wood, and plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not such sweet, as that faire face that's bent,
Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire.
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
To blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind & will, which wicked vice doth staine,
Her vertues breake and stay :
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule do'st hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues euer pried
Aboue the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
My soule sings many a lay ;
Musing on her, new seas I doe inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doe require,
For without her the springs of ioy are dried,
And that I doe defic.

Sweet fate, that to a noble deede do'st straine,
And lift my heart to day :
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweet scale, sweet griefe, and sweetest ouerthrow ;
Sweet miracle, whose fame cannot expire,

Sweet

Sweet wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
Such heauenly companie
Of beautie's graces in sweet vertues died,
As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

Finis.

Bar. Young.

AMINTAS FOR HIS PHILLIS.

Avrora now began to rise againe,
From watry couch and from old Tithon's side :
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
But poore Amintas hasteth him apace,
In deserts thus to weepe a wofull tale.
You silent shades, and all that dwell therein
As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground,
Dispose yourselues to teares, while I begin
To rue the grieve of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts where Nature flies the light,
Come seate yourselues with me on eu'ry side:
And while I die for want of my delight,

T ij

Lament

England's Helicon.

Yet in this isle she raignes as blessed,
 And euery one at her doth wonder;
 And in my cares still fond fame whispers,
 Cinthia shall be Ceres mistres.
 But first my care shall riue in sunder,
 Helpe Phoebus, helpe, my fall is suddaine,
 Cinthia, Cinthia, must be soueraigne.

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A PASTORALL ODE TO AN HONOURABLE FRIEND.

As to the blooming prime,
 Bleake Winter being fled,
 From compasse of the clime,
 Where Nature lay as dead,
 The riuers dull'd with time,
 The greene leaues withered.
 Fresh Zephyri (the westerne brethren) be:
 So th' honour of your fauour is to me.

For as the plaines reuiue,
 And put on youthfull greene:
 As plants begin to thriue,
 That disattir'd had beene:
 And arbours now aliue,
 In former pompe are scene.

So

So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breath Fauonius hath encreast the store.

Finis.

E. B.

A NIMPH'S DISDAINE OF LOUE.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing
For maydens most vnfitting,
And so thinke I, with a downe, downe, derrie.

When women knew no woe,
But liu'd themselues to please,
Men's sayning guiles they did not know
The ground of their disease.
Vborne was false suspect,
No thought of iealousie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
Hey down, a down, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
To which what maides gaue care:
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes:
Anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
Disguis'd in name of loue:
A iealous hell, a painted show,
So shall they finde that proue.

S iij

England's Helicon.

Hey, downe, a downe, did Dian sing,
 Amongst her virgins sitting :
 Then loue there is no vainer thing
 For maidens most vnfitting.
 And so thinke I with a downe, downe, derrie.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

APOLLO'S LOUE SONG FOR FAIRE DAPHNE.

My heart and tongue were twins at once conceaued,
 The eldest was my heart, borne dumb by destinie:
 The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
 Yet strung and tun'd to play hart's harmonie:
 Both knit in one, and yet asunder placed.
 What hart would speake, the tongue doth still discouer,
 What tongue doth speake, is of the heart embraced:
 And both are one, to make a new found loue.
 New found, and onely found in gods and kings,
 Whose words are deeds, but deeds not words regarded:
 Chaste thoughts doe mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
 My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
 Engraued vpon this tree Daphne's perfection:
 That neither men nor gods can force affection.

*This dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the
 right honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley
 Castell, at her last being there in prograce. The
 Author thereof vnknowne.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD DELICIOUS HIS DITTIE.

Nener a greater foe did Loue disdain,
 Or trode on grasse so gay ;
 Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent ;
 More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
 Nor fairer dame hath bound in white attire,
 Or hath in lawne more gracious features tied,
 Then my sweetemie.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine ;
 In her beare equall sway,
 Filling the world with wonder and content.
 But they doe giue me paine and double woe,
 Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
 And cruell chastitie from me denied
 All sence of iollitie.

There is no rose, nor lilly after raine,
 Nor flower in moneth of May,
 Nor pleasant meade, nor greene in Sommer sent,
 That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
 As that faire flower which all the heauens admire
 Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
 All grace and gifts on hie.

Methinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
 Her neck and breast display :
 Seeing the whitest ermine to frequent
 Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
 O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,

T

Or

- Faustus.* Thou do'st obserue who doth not see,
 To be belou'd a great deale more:
 And yet thou shalt not finde such store
 Of loue in others as in me:
 For all I haue I giue to thee,
 Yet faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.
- Firminus.* O trie no other Shepheard swaine,
 And care not other loues to proue:
 Who though they giue thee all their loue,
 Thou canst not such as mine obtaine:
 And wouldst thou haue in loue more gaine?
 O yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.
- Faustus.* Impossible it is, (my friend)
 That any one should me excell
 In loue, whose loue I will refell,
 If that with me, he will contend:
 My loue no equall hath, nor end.
 And yet I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.
- Firminus.* Behold how loue my soule hath charm'd,
 Since first thy beauties I did see,
 (Which is but little yet to me,)
 My freest sences I haue harm'd
 (To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
 And yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus.

Faustus. I euer gaue and giue thee still
 Such store of loue, as loue hath lent me :
 And therefore wel thou maist content thee,
 That loue doth so enrich my fill :
 But now behold my chiefest will,
 That faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

SIRENO A SHEPHEARD, HAUING A LOCKE OF HIS
 FAIRE NIMPH'S HAIRE, WRAPT ABOUT WITH
 GREENE SILKE, MOURNES THUS IN A
 LOUE-DITTIE.

What chang 's here, O haire,
 I see since I saw you?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare;
 For hope the colour due?
 Indeede I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixt with feare,
 No other Shepheard should haue scope
 Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire! how many dayes,
 My Dian made me show,
 With thousand prettie childish playes,
 If I ware you or no?
 Alas, how oft with teares,
 (Oh teares of guilefull brest :)
 She seemed full of iealous feares,
 Whereat I did but iest?

T iijj

Tell

England's Helicon.

Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
 Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
 My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
 Phillis is gone that set my heart on fire,
 That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
 Phillis, (alas) the praise of woman kinde :
 Phillis the sunne of this our hemisphere,
 Whose beames made me and many others blinde ;
 But blinded me (poore swaine) aboue the rest :
 That like olde Oedipus I liue in thrall :
 Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best :
 My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.

Her faire, but cruell eyes bewicht my sight,
 Her sweet, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought :
 And in her deedes I reaped such delight
 As brought both will and libertie to nought,
 Therefore all hope of happinesse adiew,
 Adiew desire, the source of all my care :
 Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
 Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's Crare.

Meane time my minde must suffer fortune's scorne,
 My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene :
 My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
 My life decayes, although my death's foreseene.
 Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but seas of teares,
 Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest :
 Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
 (I say) desire, the authour of vnrest.

And

And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate:
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee,
My being with myselte at foule debate:
My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs, and sighs, and euer-watching eyes:
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist:
That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpine's traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs:
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.

Finis.

Tho. Watson.

FAUSTUS AND FIRMIUS SING TO THEIR NIMPH BY
TURNES.

Firmius. Of mine owneselfe I doe complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such,
That my true loue it doth restraine,
And onely this doth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

T iij

Faustus.

England's Pelican.

Or farre in shade, or sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The meade, the mount, the riuer, wood, and plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not such sweet, as that faire face that's bent,
Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire.
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
To blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind & will, which wicked vice doth staine,
Her vertues breake and stay :
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule do'st hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues euer pried
Aboue the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
My soule sings many a lay ;
Musing on her, new seas I doe inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doe require,
For without her the springs of ioy are dried,
And that I doe defie.

Sweet fate, that to a noble deede do'st straine,
And lift my heart to day :
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweet seale, sweet griefe, and sweetest ouerthrow ;
Sweet miracle, whose fame cannot expire,

Sweet

Sweet wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
 Such heavenly companie
 Of beautie's graces in sweet vertues died,
 As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

Finis.

Bar. Young.

AMINTAS FOR HIS PHILLIS.

Avrora now began to rise againe,
 From watry couch and from old Tithon's side :
 In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine
 Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
 On easterne coast he cast so great a light,
 That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
 From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
 To light the world againe with heavenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged steedes to chase
 The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
 But poore Amintas hasteth him apace,
 In deserts thus to weepe a wofull tale.
 You silent shades, and all that dwell therein
 As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground,
 Dispose yourselues to teares, while I begin
 To rue the grieve of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts where Nature flies the light,
 Come seate yourselues with me on eu'ry side:
 And while I die for want of my delight,

T ij

Lament

England's Helicon.

Or farre in shade, or sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The meade, the mount, the riuer, wood, and plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not such sweet, as that faire face that's bent,
Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire.
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As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

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Bar. Young.

AMINTAS FOR HIS PHILLIS.

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From watry couch and from old Tithon's side :
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heavenly fire.

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To rue the grieve of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts where Nature flies the light,
Come seate yourselues with me on eu'ry side:
And while I die for want of my delight,

T ij

Lament

England's Helicon.

Tell me O haire of gold,
 If I then faultie be?
 That hurt those killing eyes I would,
 Since they did warrant me?
 Haue you not seene her moode,
 What streames of teares she spent:
 Till that I sware my faith so stood,
 As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene,
 In one that changeth so?
 Or where one loues so constant beene,
 Who euer saw such woe?
 Ah haire, you are not grieu'd,
 To come from whence you be:
 Seeing how once you saw I liu'd
 To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
 I saw this woman sit:
 Where, *sooner die than change my state*,
 She with her finger writ.
 Thus my beliefe was stay'd,
 Behold Loue's mighty hand
 On things, were by a woman say'd,
 And written in the sand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of
 Diana of Montmaior.*

A SONG BETWEENE TAURISIUS AND DIANA, ANSWERING
VERSE FOR VERSE.

Taurisius. The cause why that thou do'st denie,
To looke on me, sweet foe impart?
Diana. Because that doth not please the eye,
Which doth offend and grieue the hart.
Taurisius. What woman is, or euer was,
That when she looketh, could be mou'd?
Diana. She that resolues her life to passe,
Neither to loue nor to be lou'd.
Taurisius. There is no heart so fierce and hard,
That can so much torment a soule:
Diana. Nor shepheard of so small regard,
That reason will so much controule.
Taurisius. How falls it out loue doth not kill
Thy crueltie with some remorse?
Diana. Because that loue is but a will,
And free-will doth admit no force.
Taurisius. Behold what reason now thou hast
To remedie my louing smart.
Diana. The very same binde me as fast,
To keepe such danger from my hart:
Taurisius. Why do'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe?
Diana. Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittilesse when thou do'st weeps.
Taurisius. Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me doth neuer end?
Diana. Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My heart from sorrow to defend.

U

Taurisius.

- Taurisius.* Be bold; so foule I am no way
 As thou do'st thinke, faire Shepheardesse.
Diana. With this content thee, that I say,
 That I beleene the same no lesse.
Taurisius. What, after giuing me such store
 Of passions, do'st thou mock me too?
Diana. If answeres thou wilt any more,
 Goe seeke them without more adoo.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

ANOTHER SONG BEFORE HER MAIESTIE AT OXFORD,
 SUNG BY A COMELY SHEPHEARD, ATTENDED ON
 BY SUNDRY OTHER SHEPHEARDS AND
 NIMPHS.

Hearbs, words, and stones, all maladies haue cured,
 Hearbs, words, and stones, I vsed when I loued:
 Hearbs smells, words winde, stones hardnes haue procured,
 By stones, not words, not hearbs her minde was moued.
 I ask'd the cause: this was a woman's reason,
 'Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused.
 Deceite as well as truth speakes words in season,
 False stones by foiles haue many one abused.
 I sigh'd, and then she said, my fancie smoaked,
 I gaz'd, she said, my lookes were follies glancing:
 I sounded dead, she said, my loue was choaked,
 I started vp, she said, my thoughts were dancing.
 Oh sacred Loue, if thou haue any godhead:
 Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.

*Finis.**Anonymous.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONG: A CAROLL OR HIMNE FOR
CHRISTMAS.

Sweet Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any song is sweet:
Sweet Musicke heauenly rare,
Mine eares, (O peeres) doth greete
Yon gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dewe,
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.
But voyces most diuine,
Make blissfull harmonic:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?
Tunes can we heare, but not the singers see,
The tunes diuine, and so the singers be.

Loe, how the firmament
Within an azure fold,
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their christals such reflection giue.
What then doth make the element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the song,
Glory to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These queristers doe sing.
Angels they are, as also (Shepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doe admire to see.

U ij

Let

England's Pelican.

Let not amazement blinde
 Your soules, (said he) annoy :
 To you and all mankinde,
 My message bringeth ioy.
 For loe the world's great Shepheard now is borne,
 A blessed babe, an infant full of power :
 After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
 Renowning Bethlem in the Saviour.
 Sprung is the perfect day,
 By prophets scene a farre :
 Sprung is the mirthfull May,
 Which Winter cannot marre.
 In Dauid's citie doth this sunne appeare :
 Clouded in flesh, yet Shepheards sit we here.

*Finis.**E. B.*

**ARSILEUS HIS CAROLL, FOR IOY OF THE NEW MARRIAGE
 BETWEENE SYRENUS AND DIANA.**

Let now each meade with flowers be depainted,
 Of sundry colours sweetest odours glowing :
 Roses yeeld forth your smels so finely tainted,
 Calme windes the greene leaues moue with gentle blowing :
 The christall riuers flowing
 With waters be encreased,
 And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
 From mournfull plaints and sadnes.
 Ring forth faire Nymphs, your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Let

Let springs and meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
 And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding :
 Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
 Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding,
 And since by new proceeding,
 With mariage now obtained,
 A great content by great contempt is gained,
 And you deuoyd of sadnes,
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
 And soule to leaue her strong determination,
 And make vs freeze in ice, and melt in fires,
 And nicest hearts to loue with emulation ?
 Who rids vs from vexation,
 And all our minds commandeth,
 But great Felicia, that his might withstandeth,
 That fill'd our hearts with sadnes ?
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber,
 (Bridegroome and happy bride) each beauenly power :
 Your flocks, with double lambs encreas'd in number,
 May neuer taste vnsauorie grasse and sower.
 The Winter's frost and shower,
 Your kids (your pretie pleasure)
 May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
 To driue away all sadnes,
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

O that sweet ioy delight you with such measure,
 Betweene you both faire issue to ingender :

U ij

Longer

England's Pelican.

Longer than Nestor may you liue in pleasure,
 The gods to you such sweet content surrender,
 That may make mild and tender
 The beasts in euery mountaine,
 And glad the fields and woods and euery fountaine,
 Abiuring former sadnes.
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
 Let gentle winde refresh you with their blowing :
 Let fields and forrests with their good requite you,
 And Flora decke the ground where you are going.
 Roses and violets strowing,
 The iasmine and the gilliflower
 With many more, and neuer in your bower,
 To tast of houshold sadnes :
 Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull songs for gladnes.

Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
 And in your ioyfull state liue you so quiet,
 That with the plague of icalousie tormented
 You may not be, nor fed with fortune's diet.
 And that your names may flie yet,
 To hills vnknowne with glorie.
 But now because my breast, so hoarce and sorrie
 It faints, may rest from singing,
 End Nymphs your songs, that in the clouds are ringing.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

PHILISTUS

PHILISTUS FAREWELL TO FALSE CLORINDA.

Clorinda false, adiew, thy loue torments me :
 Let Thirsis haue thy heart, since he contents thee.
 Oh griefe and bitter anguish,
 For thee I languish,
 Faine I (alas) would hide it,
 Oh ! but who can abide it ?
 I can, I cannot: I abide it.
 Adiew, adiew then,
 Farewell,
 Leauē my death now desiring:
 For thou hast thy requiring.
 Thus spake Philistus on his hooke relying:
 And sweetly fell a dying.

Finis.

Out of M. Morley's Madrigalls.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGALL.

Loue in my bosome like a bee,
 Doth sucke his sweet :
 Now with his wings, he playes with me,
 Now with his feete.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender brest,
 My kisses are his dailly feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah wanton will ye?

U iij

And

England's Pelican.

And if I sleepe, then pierceth he,
 With prettie slight:
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The lue long night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the strings,
 He musicke playes if I but sing,
 He lends me euery louely thing,
 Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:
 Whilst wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses euery day
 Will whip ye hence:
 And binde ye when ye long to play,
 For your offence.
 He shut my eyes to keepe ye in,
 He make you fast it for your sinne,
 He count your power not woorth a pinne.
 Alas, what hereby shall I winne
 If he gaine-say me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosome be:
 Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

*Finis:**Thom. Lodge.*

A DIALOGUE SONG BETWEEN SYLVANUS AND
ARSILIUS.

- Syl.* Shepheard, why do'st thou holde thy peace?
Sing, and thy ioy to vs report:
- Arsil.* My ioy (good Shepheard) should be lease,
If it were tolde in any sort,
- Syl.* Though such great fauours thou do'st winne,
Yet daigne thereof to tell some part:
- Arsil.* The hardest thing is to begin
In enterprizes of such art.
- Syl.* Come make an end, no cause omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in:
- Arsil.* How should I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin?
- Syl.* It is not iust, we should consent,
That thou should'st not thy ioyes recite.
- Arsil.* The soule that felt the punishment,
Doth onely feele this great delight.
- Syl.* That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not tolde abroad to many.
- Arsil.* If it be such a ioy as mine,
It neuer can be tolde to any.
- Syl.* How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force?
- Arsil.* I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorse.
- Syl.* So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to withhold:
- Arsil.* But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.

England's Pellicon.

Syl. Yet haue I heard thee heretofore,
 Thy ioyes in open songs report :
Arsil. I said, I had of ioy some store,
 But not how much, nor in what sort.
Syl. Yet when a ioy is in excesse,
 Itselfe it will oft time vnfolde :
Arsil. Nay such a ioy would be the lesse,
 If but a word thereof were tolde.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.***MONTANUS SONNET.**

When the dogge
 Full of rage
 With his irefull eyes
 Frownes amidst the skies,
 The Shepheard to asswage
 The furie of the heate,
 Himselfe doth safely seate
 By a fount
 Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 Mounting from beneath,
 Tempereth the ayre.
 There his flocks,
 Drinke their fill,

And

England's Helicon.

155

And with ease repose,
While sweet sleepe doth close
Eyes from toyling ill:
But I burne,
Without rest,
No defensiuē power
Shields from Phœbus lower,
Sorrow is my best:
Gentle Loue
Lower no more,
If thou wilt inuade
In the secret shade,
Labour not so sore:
I myselſe
And my flocks,
They their loue to please,
I myselſe to ease,
Both leaue the shadie oakes
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Loue doth so desire.

Finis.

S. E. D.

THE NIMPH SELUAGIA HER SONG.

Shepheard, who can passe such wrong,
And a life in woes so deepe,
X ij

Which

England's Delicton.

Which to live is too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Grievous sighs in vaine I waste,
Leasing my affiance, and
I perceave my hope at last,
With a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
Bitter hopes that neuer sleepe?
When this life is too too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

This griefe which I feele so rife,
(Wretch) I doe deserue as hire:
Since I came to put my life
In the hands of my desire.

Then cease not my complaints so strong:
For though life her course doth keepe,
It is not to live so long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE HEARD-MAN'S HAPPIE LIFE.

What pleasure haue great Princes,
More daintie to their choice;

Then

England's Delitron.

157

Then Heard-men wilde, who carelesse
In quiet life reioyce?
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
Are voyd of all deceit:
They neuer know how spightfull,
It is to kneele and waite,
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest:
More quiet then who sendeth
His ship into the east;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
Is of itselc a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
Not caring much for gold:
With cloathing which sufficeth,
To keepe him from the cold.

X iij

Though

England's Pellicon.

Though poore and plaine his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

**CINTHIA THE NIMPH HER SONG TO FAIRE POLY,
DORA.**

Neere to the riuer bankes, with greene
And pleasant trees on euery side,
Where freest minds would most haue beene,
That neuer felt braue Cupid's pride,
To passe the day and tedious howers:
Amongst those painted meades and flowers,

A certaine Shepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede:
Not sorrowfull in outward show,
But troubled with such grieve indeede,
As cruell loue is wont t' impart
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Shepheard euery day did die,
For loue he to Diana bare:
A Shepheardesse so fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and passing faire,
Excelling more in beautie's feature,
Then any other humane creature.

Who

Who had not any thing of all
She had, but was extreame in her,
For meanely wise none might her call,
Nor meanely faire, for he did erre
If so he did : but should deuise
Her name of passing faire and wise.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
Which if she had not, then be sure
He might haue suffered all that woe,
Which afterward he did endure,
When he was gone with lesser paine,
And at his comming home againe.

For when indeed the hart is free
From suffering paine or torment smart:
If wisdoms does not ouersee,
And beareth not the greatest part ;
The smallest grieffe and care of minde,
Doth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a riuer swift and great,
That famous Ezla had to name,
The carefull Shepheard did repeate
The feares he had by absence blame,
Which he suspect where he did keepe:
And feede his gentle lambs and sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
His Shepheardesse, that there about
Was on the mountains of that old
And auncient Leap, seeking out

X iij

From

England's Pelican.

From place to place the pastures best
Her lambes to feede, herselfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay,
When on those hils shee was not scene;
Was thinking of that happy day,
When Cupid gaue him such a Queene
Of beautie, and such cause of ioy,
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet said (poore man) when he did see
Himselfe so sunke in Sorrowe's pit:
The good that Loue hath giuen mee,
I onely doe imagine it,
Because this neerest harme and trouble
Hereafter I should suffer double.

The sunne for that it did decline,
The carelesse man did not offend
With fierie beames, which scarce did shine
But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kinde fire
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde:
Christaline streames with their delight,
And nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse,
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD TO THE FLOWERS.

Sweet violets (Loue's paradise) that spread
 Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
 Within your palie faces :
 Vpon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,
 That playes amidst the plaine,
 If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
 Such grace as in my ladie's bosome place to finde:
 Be proud to touch those places:
 And when her warmth your moisture forth doth weare,
 Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed.
 Your honours of the flowrie meades I pray,
 You pretty daughters of the earth and sunne,
 With milde and seemely breathing straite display
 My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone. .

Vermillion roses, that with new dayes rise,
 Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
 Whose radiant bright disgraces
 The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne.
 Ah if her virgin's hand
 Doe pluck your purse, ere Phoebus view the land,
 And vaile your gracious pompe, in louely Nature's scorne:
 If chaunce my mistresse traces
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommer's ayre:
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their teares, Adonts death reporting,

Y

And

England's Helicon.

And tell Loue's torments, sorrowing for her friend:
 Whose drops of bloud within your leaues consorting,
 Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.
 Then may remorse, in pittying of my smart,
 Drie vp my teares, and dwell within her hart.

*Finis.**Ignoto.*

THE SHEPHEARD ARSILIUS, HIS SONG TO HIS REBECK.

Now Loue and fortune turne to me againe,
 And now each one enforceth and assures
 A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine:
 And from the harbour of mishaps assures
 A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
 With vnexpected gladnesse, that admires
 My soule to lay aside her mourning tire,
 And senses to prepare a place for ioy.
 Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire;
 For euery greife of that extreame annoy,
 Which, when my torment raign'd, my soule (alas)
 Did feeble, the which long absence did destroy,
 Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
 So great the torment of my passed ill,
 As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
 Returne my hart, sursaulted with the fill
 Of thousand great vnrests, & thousand feares:
 Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will.

And

And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
 For soone you shall behold her with delight,
 For whom my spoiles with glory Cupid beares.
 Senses which seeke my starre so cleare and bright,
 By making here & there your thoughts estray:
 Tell me, what will you feele before her sight?
 Hence solitarinesse, torments away,
 Felt for her sake, and wearied members cast
 Off all your paine, redeem'd this happy day.
 O stay not time but passe with speedy hast,
 And fortune hinder not her comming now.
 O God, betides me yet this grieve at last?
 Come, my sweet Shepheardesse, the life which thou
 (Perhaps) did'st thinke was ended long agoe,
 At thy commaund, is readie still to bow.
 Comes not my Shepheardesse desired so?
 O God, what if she's lost, or if she stray
 Within this wood, where trees so thicke doe grow?
 Or if this nimph that lately went away,
 Perhaps forgot to goe and seeke her out:
 No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
 Thou onely art my Shepheardesse, about
 Whose thoughts my soule shall finde her ioy and rest:
 Why comm'st not then to assure it fro' doubt?
 O seest thou not the sunne passe to the west?
 And if it passe and I behold thee not,
 Then I my wonted torments will request,
 And thou shalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

Finis.

Y ij

Bar. Yong.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHELL TO HIS STELLA.

In a groue most rich of shade,
 Where birds wanton musique-made;
 May, then young, his pyed weedes showing,
 New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing,
 Astrophell with Stella sweet,
 Did for mutuall comfort meet,
 Both within themselues oppressed,
 But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
 Her faire necke a foule yoake bare:
 But her sight his cares did banish,
 In his sight her yoake did vanish.
 Wept they had, alas the while:
 But now teares themselues did smile,
 While their eyes by Loue directed,
 Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
 Sighs of woe, were glad sighs mixt,
 With armes crost, yet testifying
 Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
 Their cares hungry of each word
 Which the deare tongue would afford,
 But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
 Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
 Loue itselfe did silence breake,
 Loue did set his lips asunder,
 Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

Stella,

Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
 Faire triumpher of annoy,
 Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
 Stella, loadstarre of desire:

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
 Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
 Whose beames where they once are dar
 Loue therewith is strait imparted:
 Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
 Sences all asunder breakes,
 Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
 Angels to acquaintance bringeth:

Stella, in whose body is
 Writ each character of blisse,
 Whose face all, all beautie passeth,
 Saue thy minde, which it surpasseth:
 Graunt, O graunt: but speech alas
 Failes me, fearing on to passe:
 Graunt, O me, what am I saying?
 But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
 (Knees on ground he then did stay)
 That not I, but since I loue you,
 Time and place for me may moue you.
 Neuer season was more fit,
 Neuer roome more apt for it.
 Smiling ayre alowes my reason,
 The birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde, which so sweet is,
 See how it the leaues doth kisse,
 Each tree in his best attyring,

Y iij

Sence

England's Helicon.

Sence of loue to loue inspiring.
 Loue makes earth the water drinke:
 Loue to earth makes water sinke:
 And if dumbe things be so wittie,
 Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
 Would haue made tongue's language plaine,
 But her hands his hands repelling,
 Gaue repulse, all grace excellling.
 Then she spake; her speech was such,
 As not eares, but hart did touch:
 While such wise she loue denied,
 As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,
 Cease in these effects to proue.
 Now be still, yet still beleue me,
 Thy grieve more then death doth greiue mee.
 If that any thought in me,
 Can taste comfort but of thee,
 Let me feede with hellish anguish
 Ioylesse, helplesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
 Halfe so deere as you to me:
 Let me home returne starke blinded
 Of those eyes, and blinder-minded.
 If to secret of my hart
 I doe any wish impart:
 Where thou art not formost placed;
 Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,
 All my blisse on thee I lay:

If

England's Pelicon.

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If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee denie,
In myselfe the smart I trie.
Tirant, honour doth thus vse thee,
Stellae's selfe might not refuse thee.
Therefore, (deere) this no more moue,
Least, though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.
Therewithall, away she went,
Leauing him to passion rent :
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

SYRENUS HIS SONG TO DIANAE'S FLOCKES.

Passed contents,
Oh what meane ye?
Forsake me now, and doe not wearie me.
Wilt thou heare mee O Memorie?
My pleasant dayes, and nights againe,
I haue appai'd with seauen fold paine.
Thou hast no more to aske me why,
For when I went they all did die,
As thou do'st see :
O leaue me then, and doe not wearie me.

Greene field and shadowed valley, where

Y iijj

Some

England's Helicon.

Sometime my chiefest pleasure was,
 Behold what I did after passe.
 Then let me rest, and if I beare
 Not with good cause continuall feare,
 Now doe you see,
 O leaue me then, and doe not trouble mee.

I saw a hart changed of late,
 And wearied to assure mine:
 Then I was forced to recure mine
 By good occasion, time and fate:
 My thoughts that now such passion hate,
 O what meane ye?
 Forsake me now and doe not wearie mee.

You lambes and sheepe that in these layes
 Did sometime follow me so glad;
 The merry houres, and the sad
 Are passed now, with all those dayes.
 Make not such mirth and wonted playes
 As once did ye,
 For now no more you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
 Or come to comfort me indeed:
 I haue no ill for comfort's need.
 But if to kill mee: then (in some)
 Now my ioyes are deade and dombe,
 Full well may ye
 Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

TO

TO AMARILLIS.

Though Amarillis dance in greene,
Like Fairie Queene,
And sing full cleere,
With smiling cheere:
Yet since her eyes make heart so sore,
Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My sheepe are lost for want of foode,
And I so wood,
That all the day,
I sit and watch a heard-mayde gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:
Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vaine,
I loue to like and lose my gaine,
For her that thanks me not therefore:
Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire
Breedes flames of ice, and freeze in fire.
You come to see me weepe so sore:
Hey hoe, chill Loue no more.

Z

Loue

England's Helicon.

Loue ye who list, I force him not :
 Sith God it wot,
 The more I waile,
 The lesse my sighs and teares preuaile.
 What shall I doe, but say therefore,
 Hey hoe, chill loue no more.

*Finis.**Out of M. Bird's set Songs.*

**CARDENIA THE NIMPH, TO HER FALSE SHEPHEARD
 FAUSTUS.**

Faustus, if thou wilt reade from me
 These few and simple lines,
 By them most clearely thou shalt see,
 How little should accounted be
 Thy faigned words and signes.
 For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
 Shepheard, thou must not scan,
 That euer it came to my minde,
 To praise thy faith like to the winde,
 Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
 As smoake blowne in the aire :
 Or like quicksiluer turning round,
 Or as a house built on the ground
 Of sands that doe impaire :
 To firmenesse thou art contrarie,

More

More slipp'rie than the eele:
Changing as weathercocke on hie,
Or the camelion on the die,
Or fortune's turning wheele.

Who would beleue thou wert so free,
To blaze me thus each houre?
My Shepheardesse, thou liu'st in me,
My soule doth onely dwell in thee,
And euery vitall power:
Pale Atropos my vitall string
Shall cut, and life offend:
The streames shall first turne to their spring:
The world shall end, and euery thing,
Before my loue shall end

This loue that thou did'st promise me,
Shepherd, where is it found?
The word and faith I had of thee,
O tell me now where may they be,
Or where may they resound?
Too soone thou did'st the title gaine
Of giuer of vaine words:
Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
Too soone thou lou'dst Diana in vaine,
That nought but scorne affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
That much thy patience moues:
That though Diana doth excell
In beantie, yet she keepes not well

Z ij

Her

England's Pelicon.

Her faith, nor loyall proues :
 Then thou hast chosen, each one saith ,
 Thine equall, and a shrow :
 For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
 Her loue and loue she betrayeth :
 So like to like may goe.

If now this sonnet, which I send,
 Will anger thee : before
 Remember Faustus (yet my friend)
 That if these speeches doe offend,
 Thy deedes doe hurt me more.
 Then let each one of vs amend
 Thou deedes, I words so spent :
 For I confesse I blame my pen,
 Doe thou as much, so in the end,
 Thy deedes thou doe repent.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.*

OF PHILLIDA.

As I beheld I saw a heardman wilde,
 With his sheepe hooke a picture fine deface:
 Which he sometime his fancie to beguile,
 Had caru'd on bark of beech in secret place.
 And with despight of most afflicted minde,
 Through deepe dispaire of heart, for loue dismaid,
 He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
 And weeping sore, these wofull words he said.
 Ah Phillida, would God thy picture faire,
 I could as lightly blot out of my brest:
 Then should I not thus rage in deepe dispaire,
 And teare the thing sometime I liked best.
 But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot:
 What printed is in heart, on tree to blot.

Finis.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

MELISEA HER SONG, IN SCORNE OF HER SHEPHEARD
 NARCISSUS.

Young Shepheard turne aside, and moue
 Me not to follow thee:
 For I will neither kill with loue,
 Nor loue shall not kill me.

Z iij

Since

England's Helicon.

Since I will liue and neuer show,
 Then die not, for my loue I will not giue.
 For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
 As I doe meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the louer so doth proue
 His death, as thou do'st see:
 Be bold, I will not kill with loue,
 Nor loue shall not kill me.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.***HIS ANSWERE TO THE NIMPH'S SONG.**

If to be lou'd it thee offend,
 I cannot choose but loue thee still:
 And so thy greife shall haue no end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with grieife complaine,
 Since such a torment I endure:
 Or else fulfill thy great disdaine,
 To end my life with death most sure.
 For as no credite thou wilt lend,
 And as my loue offends thee still:
 So shall thy sorrowes haue no end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If

If that by knowing thee I could
 Leaue off to loue thee as I doe :
 Not to offend thee, then I would
 Leaue off to like and loue thee too.
 But since all loue to thee doth tend,
 And I of force must loue thee still :
 Thy grieffe shall neuer haue an end,
 Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

HER PRESENT ANSWERE AGAINE TO HIM.

Methinkes thou tak'st the worser way,
 (Enamour'd Shepheard) and in vaine
 That thou wilt seeke thine owne decay,
 To loue her, that doth thee disdaine.

For thine owne selfe, thy wofull hart
 Keepe still, else art thou much to blame :
 For she to whom thou gau'st each part,
 Of it disdaines to take the same.

Follow not her that makes a play,
 And iest of all thy grieffe and paines:
 And seeke not (Shepheard) thy decay,
 To loue her that thy loue disdaines.

Finis.

Bar. Yong.

Z iij

MIS

England's Belicon.**HIS LAST REPLIE.**

Since thou to me wert so vnkinde,
 Myselfe I neuer loued, for
 I could not loue him in my minde,
 Whom thou, (faire Mistresse) do'st abhorre.

If viewing thee, I saw thee not,
 And seeing thee, I could not loue thee:
 Dying, I should not liue, (God wot,)
 Nor liuing should to anger moue thee.

But it is well that I doe finde
 My life so full of torments, for
 All kinde of ills doe fit his minde,
 Whom thou (faire Mistresse) do'st abhorre.

In thy obliuion buried now,
 My death I haue before mine eyes:
 And here to hate myselfe I vow,
 As (cruell) thou do'st me despise.

Contented euer thou did'st finde
 Me with thy scornes, though neuer (for
 To say the truth) I ioyed in minde,
 After thou did'st my loue abhorre.

*Finis.**Bar. Yong.***PHILON**

PHILON THE SHEPHEARD HIS SONG.

While that the sunne with his beames hot,
 Scorched the frutes in vale and mountaine:
 Philon the Shepheard late forgot,
 Sitting besides a christall fountaine.
 In shadow of a greene oake tree,
 Vpon his pipe this song plaid hee.
 Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
 Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue;
 Your minde is light, soone lost for new loue.

So long as I was in your sight,
 I was your heart, your soule, and treasure:
 And euermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
 Burning in flames beyond all measure.
 Three days endur'd your loue to me:
 And it was lost in other three.
 Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue, &c.

Another Shepheard you did see,
 To whom your heart was soone enchain'd:
 Full soone your loue was leapt from me,
 Full soone my place he had obtained.
 Soone came a third, your loue to win,
 And we were out and he was in.
 Adiew Loue, &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
 That you your minde so soone remoued,

England's Bellcon.

Before that I the leasure had,
 To choose you for my best beloued.
 For all your loue was past and done,
 Two dayes before it was begun.
 Adiew Loue, &c.

*Finis.**Out of M. Bird's set Songs.*

LYCORIS THE NIMPH, HER SAD SONG.

In dewe of roses, steeping her louely cheekes,
 Lycoris thus sate weeping:
 Ah Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,
 And now vnkinde hast left me,
 Heare, alas, oh heare me,
 Aye me, aye me,
 Cannot my beautie moue thee?
 Pitty, yet pittie me,
 Because I loue thee.
 Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:
 And this thou do'st, and all to slay me.
 Why doe then
 Kill me, and vaunt thee:
 Yet my ghost
 Still shall haunt thee.

*Finis.**Out of M. Morley's Madrigall*

TO

TO HIS FLOCKES.

Bvst forth my teares, assist my forward griefe,
And shew what paine imperious loue prouokes:
Kinde tender lambs lament Loue's scant reliefe,
And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yoakes.
Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes.

Sad pining Care, that neuer may haue peace,
At Beautie's gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes:
Oh grieue to heare my griefe, my tender flockes.

Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mockes:
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene.
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the rockes,
That both the Shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.

Finis.

TO HIS LOUE.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the ayre
Of loue and pleasure speakes.

2 A ij

Teach

England's Prison.

Teach thine armes then to embrace,
 And sweet rosie lips to kisse :
 And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
 Eyes were made for beantie's grace,
 Viewing, ruing Loe's long paine :
 Procur'd by beantie's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet Loe,
 The golden morning waits :
 While the sunne from his sphere
 His fierie arrowes casts,
 Making all the shadows flie,
 Playing, staying in the groate,
 To entertaine the stealth of loe.
 Thither sweet Loe let vs hie
 Flying, dying, in desire,
 Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come sweet Loe,
 Doe not in vaine adiorne
 Beantie's grace that should rise
 Like to the naked morne.
 Lillies on the riuer's side,
 And faire Cyprian flowers newe blowne
 Desire no beatties but their owne.
 Ornament is nurse of pride,
 Pleasure, meane, Loe's delight :
 Hast then sweet Loe our wished flight.

Finis.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER OF HIS CYNTHIA.

Away with these selfe louing lads,
Whom Cupid's arrowe neuer glads,
Away poore soules that sigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe,
For Cupid is a meadow god:
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupid's shafts, like destinie,
Doth either good or ill decree.
Desert is borne out of his bowe,
Reward vpon his feete doth goe.
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I weare her rings on holy-dayes,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the same.
Where honour, Cupid's riuall is:
There miracles are scene of his.

If Cynthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt doe darken things held deere,
Then wel-fare nothing once a yeere.
For many runne, but one must win,
Fooles onely hedge the cuckoe in.

2 A iij

The

England's Helicon.

The worth that worthinesse should moue,
 Is loue, which is the due of loue,
 And loue as well the Shepherd can,
 As can the mightie nobleman.
 Sweet Nymph 'tis true, you worthy be,
 Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

Finis.

ANOTHER TO HIS CYNTHIA.

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with loue,
 Mount loue vnto the moon in clearest night:
 And say, as she doth in the heauens moue,
 On earth so waines and wexeth my delight.
 And whisper this but softly in her cares:
 Hope oft doth hang the head and trust shed teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carrie,
 If for mistrust my Mistresse doe you blame,
 Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie:
 As she doth change, and yet remaine the same.
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
 And loue is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she for this with cloudes doe maske her eyes,
 And make the heauens darke with her disdain:
 With windie sighs dispierce them in the skies,
 Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine.

Thought,

Thought, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

Finis.

*These three ditties were taken out of Maister
John Dowland's Booke of Tableture for the
Lute. The Authours names not there set
downe, and therefore left to their owners.*

MONTANUS SONNET IN THE WOODS.

Alas, how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accesse!
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarm'd of reason, spoyl'd of Nature's goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My silent tongue assail'd by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprison'd in their ioy:
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,
My heart enforc'd to harbour in annoy:
My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions slaue to euery ioy.
Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way:
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

Finis.

S. E. D.

2 A iiii

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S SORROW BEING DISDAINED IN
LOUE.

Muses help me, sorrow swarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with seas of languish:
Haplesse hope my solace harmeth,
Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in world vntrustie:
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie, old, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned
Fortune's darling proud and dreadlesse:
Darksome night doth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needlesse.

Rob the spheare of lines vnited,
Make a suddaine voide in nature:
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
This I weepe for, this I sorrow:
Muses, if you please to tarie,
Further help I meane to borrow.

Courted once by fortune's fauour,
Compast now with chiuie's curies!

All

All my thoughts of sorrowes sauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the sources.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my heart enioyed:
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring;
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse showring.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged:
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are changed.

Louely swaine, with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended:
You my flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne till day was ended.

Drinke and fodder, foode and folding
Had my lambs and ewes together:
I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth and winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and lambes are pain'd with pining:

I with ewes and lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence leaue thy caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull swaine to tender.
Though disdaines I haue endured,
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Phillip's sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little :
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my swaine haue turned,
Though my sunne he neuer showeth.
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle Silence be their couer;
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper :
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching taper.

Kisse them Silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them :
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a swaine did once approue them.

I will

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
 Night and morn ng neuer merrie :
 Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
 I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Shepheard strayeth,
 In thy walkes and shades vnhaunted :
 Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
 How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

Finis.

Thom. Lodge.

A PASTORALL SONG BETWEENE PHILLIS AND AMARILLIS,
 TWO NIMPHS, EACH ANSWERING OTHER
 LINE FOR LINE.

Fie on the sleights that men deuise,
 Heigh hoe, silly sleights:
 When simple maides they would entice,
 Maides are yong men's chiefe delights.
 Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
 Eyes like beames of burning sunne,
 And men once caught, they soone despise,
 So are Shepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
 Happy man is hee:
 By trusting him she is betraide,
 Fie vpon such treacherie.

2 B ij

If

England's Pelican.

If maides win young men with their guiles,
 Heigh hoe, guilefull greefe :
 They deale like weeping crocodiles,
 That murder men without releefe.

I knowe a simple countrie hinde,
 Heigh hoe, sillie swaine :
 To whom faire Daphne proued kinde,
 Was he not kinde to her againe ?
 He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
 Heigh hoe, Shepheard's God is he.
 Yet since hath chang'd and broke his troath,
 Troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceiued many a swaine,
 Fic on false deceit :
 And plighted troth to them in vaine,
 There can bee no grieve more great.
 Her measure was with measure paide,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, equall meede :
 She was beguil'd that had betraide,
 So shall all deceiuers speede.

If euery maide were like to mee,
 Heigh hoe, hard of hart :
 Both loue and louers scorn'd should bee,
 Scorners shall be sure of smart.
 If euery maide were of my minde,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, louely sweet :
 They to their louers should proue kinde,
 Kindnes is for maidens meet.

Methinkes

Methinkes loue is an idle toy,
 Heigh hoe, busie paine :
 Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
 Both sense and wit thereby we gaine.
 Tush, Phillis cease, be not so coy,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, coy disdain :
 I know you loue a Shepherd's boy,
 Fie that maydens so should faine.

Well Amarillis now I yeeld,
 Shepherds pipe aloud :
 Love conquers both in towne and field,
 Like a tirant fierce and proude.
 The euening starre is vp yee see,
 Vesper shines, we must away :
 Would euery louer might agree,
 So we end our roundelay.

Finis.

H. C.

THE SHEPHEARD'S ANTHEME.

Neare to a banke with roses set about,
 Where prettie turtles ioyning bill to bill :
 And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
 Washing the foote of pleasure's sacred hill.
 There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
 His bow and arrowes broken :
 Bedewde with teares from Venus eyes.
 Oh that it should be spoken.

2 B iij

Beare

England's Pelicon.

Bear him my hart, slaine with her scornfull eye,
 Where sticks the arrow that poure hart did kill,
 With whose sharp pyle, yet will him ere hee die,
 About my hart to write his latest will.

And bid him send it backe to mee,

At instant of his dying :

That cruel, cruell she may see,

My faith and her denying.

His hearse sh' ll be a mournfull cypres shade,
 And for a chauntrie, Philomel's sweet lay :

Where prayer shall continually be made,

By pilgrime louers passing by that way.

With Nymphs and Shepherds yeerely mone,

His timelesse death beweeeping :

And telling that my hart alone

Hath his last will in keeping.

Finis.

Mich. Drayton.

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE'S PASTORALL.

A Shepherd and a Shepheardesse,

Sate keeping sheepe vpon the downes :

His lookes did gentle blood expresse,

Her beautie was no foode for clownes.

Sweet louely twaine, what might you be ?

Two

Two fronting hills bedeckt with flowers,
 They chose to be each other seate.
 And there they stole their amorous houres,
 With sighs and teares, poore louer's meate.
 Fond Loue thou feed'st thy scruants so.

Faire friend, quoth he, when shall I liue,
 That am halfe dead, yet cannot die?
 Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
 To him whose life hangs in your eye?
 Beautie is milde and will not kill.

Sweet swaine, quoth she, accuse not mee,
 That long haue beene thy humble thrall:
 But blame the angry destinie,
 Whose kinde consent must finish all.
 Vngentle fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our parent's hate,
 Disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one.
 They may repent and all too late,
 If childlesse they be left alone.
 Father nor friend, should wrong true loue.

The parent's frowne, said shee, is death,
 To children that are held in awe:
 From them we drew our vitall breath.
 They challenge dutie then by law,
 Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway
 2 B iij

On

On these our earthly bodies here:
 But with our soules deale not they may,
 The god of loue doth hold them deere:
 He is most meet to rule true loue.

I know, said she, 'tis worse then hell,
 When parent's choise must please our eyes:
 Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
 Forc'd loue in desperate danger dies:
 Faire maid, then faucie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth he, might see the houre
 Of that sweet state which neuer ends,
 Our heavenly gree might haue the power,
 To make our parents as deere friends:
 All ranckour yeelds to soueraigne loue.

Then god of loue, said she, consent,
 And shew some wonder of thy power.
 Our parents and our owne content,
 May be confirmde by such an houre:
 Graunt greatest god to further loue.

The fathers, who did alwaies tend,
 When thus they got their priuate walke,
 As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
 Vnknowne to each, heard all this talke:
 Poore soules to be so crost in loue.

Behinde the hills whereon they sate,
 They lay this while and listned all,

And

England's Pelicon.

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And were so moued both thereat,
That hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open sight,
Poore louers, Lord how they were mazde?
And hand in hand the fathers plight,
Whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
Hope now begins to further loue.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
Of loue, that at no time should cease:
They likewise ioyned hand in hand
The Shepheard and the Shepheardesse.
Like fortune still befall true loue.

Finis

Shep. Tomie.

ANOTHER OF ASTROPHELL.

The nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking:
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making.
And mournefully bewailing
Her throate in tunes expresseth,
What griefe her breast oppresseth,
For Tereus force, on her chast will preuailing.

2 C

Oh

England's Pelicon.

Oh Philomela faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy throne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of languish
 But Tereus loue, on her by strong hand wroken:
 Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
 Full woman-like complaines her will was broken.
 But I who daily crauing,
 Cannot haue to content me:
 Haue more cause to lament me,
 Sith wanting is more woe then too much hauing.
 Oh Philomel faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes,
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

*Finis.**S. Phil. Sidney.***AN INUECTIUE AGAINST LOUE.**

All is not golde that shineth bright in show,
 Not euery flowre so good, as faire to sight,
 The deepest streames, aboue doe calmest flow,
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight.
 The pleasant baite doth hide the harmfull hooke,
 And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue

Loue is the gold whose outward hew doth passe,
 Whose first beginnings goodly promise make
 Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Sommer's grasse,
 Which neither sunne can parch, nor winde can shake.
 But when the mould should in the fire be uride,
 The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie the flowre so fresh, so faire, so gay,
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and tast:
 As seemes it should endure, by right, for aye,
 And neuer be with any storme defast,
 But when the baleful southerne wind doth blow,
 Gone is the glory which it erst did shew.

Loue is the streame, whose waues so calmedly flow
 As might intice men's minds to wade therein:
 Loue is the poison mixt with sugar so,
 As might by outward sweetnesse liking win,
 But as the deepe ore'flowing stops thy breath,
 So poyson once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceiues,
 And makes them swallow downe the choking hooke,
 Loue is the face whose fairenesse iudgement reaues,
 And makes thee trust a false and fained looke,
 But as the hooke the foolish fish doth kill,
 So flatt'ring lookes the louer's life doth spill.

Finis.

FAIRE PHILLIS AND HER SHEPHEARD.

Shepheard, saw you not
 My faire louely Phillis,
 Walking on this mountaine,
 Or on yonder plaine?
 She is gone this way to Dianae's fountaine.
 And hath left me wounded,
 With her high disdain.
 Aye me she is faire,
 And without compare,
 Sorrow come and sit with me:
 Loue is full of feares,
 Loue is full of teares,
 Loue without these cannot be.
 Thus my passions paine me,
 For my Loue hath slaine me,
 Gentle Shepheard, beare a part:
 Pray to Cupid's mother,
 For I know no other
 That can helpe to ease my smart.

Shepheard, I haue seene
 Thy faire louely Phillis,
 Where her flocks are feeding,
 By the riuer's side:
 Oh! I much admire
 She so farre exceeding
 In surpassing beautie,
 Should surpasse in pride.

But

But alas I finde,
 They are all ynkinde
 Beautie knowes her power too well:
 When they list they loue,
 When they please they moue,
 Thus they turne our heauen to hell.
 For their faire eyes glauncing,
 Like to Cupid's dauncing,
 Roule about still to deceaue vs:
 With vaine hopes deluding,
 Still dispraise concluding,
 Now they loue and now they leaue vs.

Thus I doe despaire,
 Haue her I shall neuer,
 If shee be so coy,
 Lost is all my loue:
 But she is so faire
 I must loue her euer,
 All my paine is ioy,
 Which for her I proue.
 If I should her trie,
 And she should denie,
 Heauie hart with woe will breake.
 Though against my will,
 Tongue thou must be still,
 For she will not heare thee speake.
 Then with sighs goe proue her,
 Let them shew I loue her,
 Gracious Venus be my guide:
 But though I complaine me,

2 C iij

She

England's Pellicon.

She will still disdain mee,
 Beautie is so full of pride.

What though she be faire?
 Speake, and feare not speeding,
 Be shee nere so coy,
 Yet she may be wunne :
 Vnto her repaire,
 Where her flocks are feeding,
 Sit and tick and toy,
 Till set be the sunne.
 Sunne then being set,
 Feare not Vulcane's net
 Though that Mars therein was caught :
 If she doe denie
 Thus to her replie
 Venus lawes she must be taught.
 Then with kisses mooue her,
 That's the way to proue her,
 Thus thy Phillis must be wone:
 She will not forsake thee,
 But her loue will make thee.
 When Loue's dutie once is done.

Happie shall I be,
 If she graunt me fauour,
 Else for loue I die
 Phillis is so faire:
 Boldly then goe see,
 Thou maist quickly haue her,
 Though she could denie

Yet

Yet doe not despaire,
 She is full of pride,
 Venus be my guide,
 Helpe a silly Shepheard's speed,
 Vse no such delay,
 Shepheard, goe thy way,
 Venture man and doe the deed.
 I will sore complaine me,
 Say that Loue hath slaine thee
 If her fauours doe not feede :
 But take no deniall,
 Stand vpon thy triall.
 Spare to speake, and want of speede.

Finis.

I. G.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SONG OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus faire did ride
 Siluer doutes they drew her,
 By the pleasant lawnds
 Ere the sunne did rise :
 Vestae's beautie rich
 Opened wide to view her,
 Philomel records
 Pleasing harmonies.
 Euery bird of Spring
 Cheerefully did sing,
 Paphos goddesse they salute
 2 C iiij

Now

England's Helicon.

Now Loue's Queene so faire,
 Had of mirth no care,
 For her son had made her mute.
 In her breast so tender
 He a shaft did enter,
 When her eyes beheld a boy :
 Adonis was he named,
 By his mother shamed,
 Yet he now is Venus ioy.

Him alone shee met,
 Ready bound for hunting,
 Him she kindly greetes,
 And his iourney stayes ?
 Him shee seekes to kisse
 No deuises wanting
 Him her eyes still wooe
 Him her tongue still prayes.
 He with blushing red
 Hangeth downe the head,
 Not a kisse can he afford :
 His face is turn'd away,
 Silence sayd her nay,
 Still she woo'd him for a word.
 Speake, she sayd, thou fairest,
 Beautie thou impairest,
 See me I am pale and wan :
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee.
 Christall teares with that downe ran

Him

Him herewith she forc'd
 To come sit downe by her,
 She his necke embrac'd,
 Gazing in his face :
 He like one transform'd,
 Stir'd no looke to eye her,
 Euery hearbe did woe him
 Growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 Prayed him for pittie
 In behalfe of beautie's Queene:
 Waters gentle murmur,
 Craued him to loue her,
 Yet no liking could be scene.
 Boy, she said, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee,
 Speake, I pray thee my delight:
 Coldly he replied,
 And in brieft denied,
 To bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young
 To be wonne by beauty,
 Tender are my yeeres,
 I am yet a bud :
 Faire thou art, she said,
 Then it is thy dutie,
 Wert thou but a blossome
 To effect my good.
 Euery beauteous flower,
 Roasteth in my power,

England's Helicon.

Birds and beasts my lawes effect:
 Mirrha thy faire mother,
 Most of any other

Did my louely hests respect.
 Be with me delighted,
 Thou shalt be requited,
 Euery Nymph on thee shall tend
 All the gods shall loue thee,
 Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselfe shall be thy friend.

Wend thee from me Venus,
 I am not disposed,
 Thou wring'st me too hard,
 Pre-thee let me goe:
 Fie, what a paine it is
 Thus to be enclosed.
 If loue begin with labour,
 It will end in woe.
 Kisse me, I will leaue,
 Here a kisse receiue,
 A short kisse I doe it finde:
 Wilt thou leaue me so?
 Yet thou shalt not goe,
 Breathe once more thy balmie wind,
 It smelleth of the mirrh-tree,
 That to the world did bring thee,
 Neuer was perfume so sweet:
 When she had thus spoken,
 She gaue him a token,
 And their naked bosomes meet.

Now

Now he said, let's goe,
 Harke the hounds are crying,
 Grisly boare is vp,
 Huntsmen follow fast :
 At the name of boare,
 Venus seemed dying,
 Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses ouer-cast.
 Speake, said she, no more,
 Of following the boare,
 Thou vnfit for such a chase :
 Course the fearefull hare,
 Venson doe not spare,
 If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
 Shun the boare I pray thee,
 Else I still will stay thee,
 Herein he vow'd to please her mind,
 Then her armes enlarged,
 Loth she him discharged,
 Forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phœbus steades,
 In the west retained,
 Hunting sport was past,
 Loue her loue did seeke :
 Sight of him too soone
 Gentle Queene she gained,
 On the ground he lay,
 Blood had left his cheek.
 For an orped swine,
 Smit him in the groyne :

2 D ij

Deadly

England's Pelican.

Deadly wound his death did bring:
 Which when Venus found,
 She fell in a swoond,
 And awak'd her hands did wring.
 Nymphs and Satyrs skipping,
 Came together tripping,
 Eccho euery crie exprest:
 Venus by her power,
 Turn'd him to a flower
 Which she weareth in her creast.

*Finis.**H. C.***THIRSIS THE SHEPHEARD, HIS DEATH'S SONG.**

Thirsis to die desired,
 Marking her eyes that to his heart was nearest.
 And she that with his flame no lesse was fired,
 Said to him: oh heart's loue dearest:
 Alas, forbear to die now,
 By thee I liue, by thee I wish to die to.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
 Wherewith to die poor loue then he hasted,
 Thinking it death while he his lookes maintained,
 Full fixed on her eyes, full of pleasure,
 And louely nectar sweet from them he tasted.
 His daintie Nymph, that now at hand espied
 The haruest of loue's treasure.

Said

Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wasted,
I die now,
The Shepheard then replied,
And I sweet life doe die to.

Thus these two two louers fortunately died,
Of death so sweet, so happy, and so desired:
That to die so againe their life retired.

Finis.

*Out of Maister M. Young,
his Musica Transalpina.*

ANOTHER STANZA ADDED AFTER.

Thirsis enioyed the graces,
Of Chloris sweet embraces,
Yet both their ioyes were scant:
For darke it was and candlelight they wanted.
Wherewith kinde Cynthia in the heauen that shined
Her nightly vaile resigned,
And her faire face disclosed.
Then each from other's lookes such ioy deriued:
That both with meere delight died, and reuiued.

Finis.

Out of the same.

ANOTHER SONNET THENCE TAKEN.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
 With flowers and hearbs which Winter's frost exileth.
 Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth
 Flora the garlands white and red compileth:
 Fields doe reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
 Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth:
 The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
 Each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
 But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
 And heauie sighs which from my heart she straineth,
 That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
 So that singing of birds, and Spring times flowring:
 And ladies loue that men's affection gaineth,
 Are like a desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.

Finis.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SLUMBER.

In Pescod time, when hound to home
 Giues care till buck be kil'd:
 And little lads with pipes of corne
 Sate keeping beasts a field.
 I went to gather strawberries tho,
 By woods and groaues full faire:

And

And parcht my face with Phœbus so,
 In walking in the ayre,
 That downe I layde me by a streame,
 With boughs all ouer clad:
 And there I met the strangest dreame,
 That euer Shepheard had.
 Methought I saw each Christmas game,
 Each reuell all and some
 And euery thing that I can name,
 Or may in fancie come.
 The substance of the sights I saw,
 In silence passe they shall:
 Because I lacke the skill to draw,
 The order of them all,
 But Venus shall not passe my pen,
 Whose maydens in disdaine,
 Did feed vpon the hearts of men,
 That Cupid's bowe had slaine.
 And that blinde boy was all in blood,
 Be-bath'd vp to the eares:
 And like a conquerour he stood,
 And scorned louer's teares.
 I haue, quoth he, more hearts at call,
 Then Cæsar could command.
 And like the deare I make them fall,
 That runneth o're the lawnd.
 One drops downe here, another there,
 In bushes as they groane;
 I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
 To heare them make their moane.
 Ah Sir, (quoth Honest Meaning) then

2 D iiij

Thy

England's Helicon.

Thy boy-like brags I heare
 When thou hast wounded many a man,
 As huntsman doth the deare.
 Becomes it thee to triumph so?
 Thy mother wills it not:
 For she had rather breake thy bowe,
 Then thou should'st play the sot.
 What saucie merchant speaketh now,
 Said Venus in her rage:
 Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
 I gouerne euery age?
 My sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
 To me the boy is bound:
 He neuer found a heart so chaste,
 But he had power to wound.
 Not so faire goddesses, (quoth Free-will)
 In me there is a choise:
 And cause I am of mine owne ill
 If I in thee reioyce.
 And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
 To thee, or to thy sonne:
 Such recompence I ought not haue,
 If things be rightly done.
 Why foole, stept forth Delight, and said,
 When thou art conquer'd thus:
 Then loe dame Lust, that wanton maid,
 Thy mistresse is ihus.
 And Lust is Cupid's darling deere,
 Behold her where she goes:
 She creepes the milk-warne flesh so neere,
 She hides her vnder close.

Where

Where many priuie thoughts doe dwell,
A heauen here on earth :
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
They thinke so much on mirth.
Be still, Good Meaning, quoth Good Sport,
Let Cupid triumph make :
For sure his kingdome shall be short,
If we no pleasure take.
Faire Beautie, and her play-feares gay,
The virgin's Vestalles to :
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
As idle people doe.
If Honest Meaning fall to frowne,
And I Good Sport decay :
Then Venus glory will come downe,
And they will pine away.
Indeede, (quoth Wit) this your deuice
With strangenesse must be wrought :
And where you see these women nice,
And looking to be sought :
With scowling browes their follies check,
And so giue them the fig :
Let Fancie be no more at beck,
When Beautie lookes so big.
When Venus heard how they conspir'd
To murther women so,
Methought indeede the house was fier'd,
With stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst,
And in their steps a wight,
Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,

England's Helicon.

So vgly was the sight.
 I charge you ladies all, (quoth he)
 Looke to yourselues in hast:
 For if that men so wilfull be,
 And haue their thoughts so chaste,
 That they can tread on Cupid's brest,
 And martch on Venus face:
 Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
 When you shall waile your case.
 With that had Venus all in spight
 Stir'd vp the dames to ire:
 And Lust fell cold, and Beautie white,
 Sate babling with Desire.
 Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
 Much whispering there arose:
 The day did lower, the sunne wext darke,
 Away each lady goes.
 But whether went this angry flock?
 Our lord himselfe doth know:
 Wherewith full loudly crew the cock,
 And I awaked so:
 A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
 I take thereon no keepe:
 I gage my head such toyas as this,
 Doth spring from lacke of sleepe.

Finis.

DISPRAISE

DISPRAISE OF LOUE, AND LOUER'S FOLLIES.

If loue be life, I long to die,
 Liue they that list for me :
 And he that gaines the most thereby,
 A foole at least shall be.
 But he that fees the sorest fits,
 Scapes with no lesse then losse of wits.
 Vnhappy life they gaine,
 Which loue doe entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
 By lying dreames in night,
 Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
 Each smile a false delight.
 If't hap their lady pleasant seeme,
 It is for other's loue they deeme :
 If voide she seeme of ioy,
 Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that louers finde,
 Such is the life they leade,
 Blowne here and there with euery winde,
 Like flowers in the mead.
 Now warre, now peace, now warre againe,
 Desire, despaire, delight, disdaine,
 Though dead in midst of life,
 In peace and yet at strife.

Finis.

Ignoto.

England's Helicon.**ANOTHER SONNET.**

In wonted walkes since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise,
 For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
 Part of my paine me seemes engraue'd lies.

The rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
 In climbing steepe, now hard refusall shew:
 The shading woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
 And stately hills disdain to looke so low.

The restfull caues, now restlesse visions giue:
 In dales I see each way a hard assent:
 Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue:
 Alas, sweet brookes doe in my teares augment.
 Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer mee:
 Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

*Finis.**S. Phil. Sidney.***OF DISDAINEFULL DAPHNE.**

Shall I say that I loue you?
 Daphne disdainfull?
 Sore it costs as I proue you,
 Louing is painefull.

Shall

Shall I say what doth grieue me ?
Louers lament it :
Daphne will not relieue me ;
Late I repent it.

Shall I die, shall I perish,
Through her vnkindnesse ?
Loue vntaught loue to cherish,
Sheweth his blindnesse.

Shall the hills, shall the valleys,
The fields, the citie,
With the sound of my out-cries,
Moue her to pittie ?

The deepe falls of faire riuers,
And the windes turning,
Are the true musicke giuers
Vnto my mourning :

Where my flockes daily feeding,
Pining for sorrow
At their maister's heart-bleeding,
Shot with Loue's arrow.

From her eyes to my heart-string,
Was the shaft launced :
It made all the woods to ring,
By which it glaunced.

When this Nymph had vs'd me so,
Then she did hide her :
2 E iij

Haplesse

England's Helicon.

Haplesse I did Daphne know,
Haplesse I spied her.

Then turtle-like I wail'd me,
For my Loue's loosing:
Daphne's trust thus did faile me,
Woe worth such choosing.

Finis.

M. N. Howell.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOUE.

Come liue with me, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That vallies, groues, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepie mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit vpon the rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes,
By shallow riuers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Imbroydered all with leaues of mirtle :

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,

Faire

Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and iuie buds,
With corall clasps and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with me and be my loue.

The Shepheard swaines shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning ;
If these delights thy minde may moue,
Then liue with me and be my loue.

Finis.

Chr. Marlow.

THE NIMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHEARD.

If all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheard's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When riuers rage, and rockes grow cold ;
And Philomell becommeth dombe ;
The rest complaines of cares to come.

2 E iij

The

England's Helicon.

The flowers doe fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward Winter reckoning yeelds;
 A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancie's Spring, but sorrowe's fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and lue buds,
 Thy corall clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no meanes can moue,
 To come to thee and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
 Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
 Then these delights my minde might moue,
 To liue with thee and be thy loue.

*Finis.**Ignoto.***ANOTHER OF THE SAME NATURE MADE SINCE.**

Come liue with me, and be my deere,
 And we will reuell all the yeere,
 In plaines and groues, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There

England's Helicon.

217

There shall you haue the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine;
And all the woods to be a skreene,
Least Phœbus kisse my Sommer's Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some riuer in a tree;
Where siluer sands and pebbles sing
Eternall ditties with the Spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with heauenly tuned throtes,
Possesse woods ecchoes with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse oake,
The ring-doues woings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doe no lesse.

In bowers of laurell trimly dight,
We will outweare the silent night,
While Flora busie is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,

All to adorne and beautifie
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose,
Lillie's faire mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in loue's play,
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice
Your presence to Loue's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my deare,
And we will strait begin the yeare.

Finis.

Ignoto.

TWO PASTORALS VPON THREE FRIENDS MEETING.

Ioyne mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting:
Let Pan our good god see,
How gratefull is our greeting.
Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one minde in bodies three.

Ye

Ye hymnes and singing skill
Of god Apolloe's giuing,
Be prest our reeds to fill
With sound of musicke liuing.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweet Orpheus' harpe, whose sound
The stedfast mountaines moued,
Let here thy skill abound
To ioyne sweet friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
A happy blessed Trinitie,
As three most ioyntly set,
In firmest band of vnitie.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E. D. F. G. P. S.
The number best beloued,
Within my heart you be
In friendship vnremoued.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue your flocks to range,
Let vs the while be playing
Within the elmy grange;
Your flocks will not be straying.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can
2 F ij

Since

England's Helicon.

Since I am now come hither,
 Who neuer ioy but when
 I am with you together.
 Ioyne hands, &c.

Like louers doe their loue,
 So ioy I in your seeing:
 Let nothing me remoue
 From alwaies with you being.
 Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the turtle doue
 To mate with whom he liueth,
 Such comfort, feruent loue
 Of you to my heart giueth,
 Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
 Let them be ne'er asunder,
 But linkt in binding bands
 By metamorphoz'd wonder.
 So should our seuered bodies three
 As one for euer ioyned be.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE

THE WOODMAN'S WALKE.

Through a faire forrest as I went
 Vpon a Sommer's day,
 I met a woodman quaint and gent,
 Yet in a strange aray.
 I maruail'd much at his disguise,
 Whom I did know so well :
 But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
 His minde he gan to tell.
 Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
 But list awhile to me:
 For it hath holpe me to suruay
 What I shall shew to thee.
 Long liu'd I in this forrest faire,
 Till wearie of my weale,
 Abroad in walkes I would repaire,
 As now I will reueale.
 My first dayes walke was to the court,
 Where beautie fed mine eyes :
 Yet found I that the courtly sport
 Did maske in slie disguise.
 For falsehood sate in fairest lookes,
 And friend to friend was coy :
 Court fauour fill'd but emptie bookes,
 And there I found no ioy.
 Desért went naked in the colde,
 When crouching craft was fed :
 Sweet wordes were cheaply bought and solde,
 But none that stood in sted.

2 F iij

Wit

England's Helicon.

Wit was imployed for each man's owne,
 Plaine meaning came too short :
 All these deuises scene and knowne,
 Made me forsake the court.
 Vnto the cittie next I went,
 In hope of better hap :
 Where liberally I lanch'd and spent,
 As set on fortune's lap.
 The little stock I had in store,
 Methought would nere be done ;
 Friends flockt about me more and more,
 As quickly lost as wone.
 For when I spent then they were kinde,
 But when my purse did fail,
 The foremost man came last behinde.
 Thus loue with wealth doth quaile.
 Once more for footing yet I stroue,
 Although the world did frowne,
 But they before that held me vp,
 Together troad me downe.
 And least once more I should arise,
 They sought my quite decay :
 Then got I into this disguise,
 And thence I stole away.
 And in my minde (me thought) I said,
 Lord blesse mee from the cittie ;
 Where simplenes is thus betraide,
 And no remorse or pittie.
 Yet would I not giue ouer so,
 But once more trie my fate,

And

And to the country then I goe,
 To liue in quiet state.
 There did appeare no subtile showes,
 But yea and nay went smoothly :
 But, Lord, how country folkes can glose,
 When they speake most vntruely ?
 More craft was in a button'd cap,
 And in old wiues raile,
 Then in my life it was my hap,
 To see on downe or dale.
 There was no open forgerie,
 But vnderhanded gleaning :
 Which they call countrie pollicie,
 But hath a worser meaning.
 Some good bold face beares out the wrong,
 Because he gaines thereby :
 The poore man's backe is crackt ere long,
 Yet there he lets him lie :
 And no degree among them all,
 But had such close intending,
 That I vpon my knees did fall,
 And prayed for their amending.
 Back to the woods I got againe,
 In minde perplexed sore :
 Where I found ease of all this paine,
 And meane to stray no more.
 There cittie, court, nor country to,
 Can any way annoy me :
 But as a woodman ought to doe,
 I freely may imploy me.

2 F iijj

There

England's Bellcon.

There liue I quietly alone,
 And none to trip my talke :
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 Thinke on the Woodman's walke.

*Finis.**Shep. Tonie.***THIRSIS THE SHEPHEARD, TO HIS PIPE.**

Like desert woods, with darkesome shades obscured,
 Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
 Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
 That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my griefe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts my thoughts in cares assures,
 Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth,
 With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
 Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
 To coole the heate, the helpelesse hart containeth.

But

But shafts, but cares, but sighs, honors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded,
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN HEROICALL POEME.

My wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
Faire beautie's praise and Venus sweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string
To higher tunes that serue for Cupid's fight.
 Shrill trumpets sound, sharpe swords and lances strong,
 Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her song.

The god of loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a rebell to his crowne,
Fit words for warre, quoth he, with angry scoffe,
A likely man to write of Mars his frowne.
 Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
 Whose wanton pen can nought but loue indite.

This said he whiskt his party colour'd wings,
And downe to earth he comes more swift then thought,
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
To see what change these newes of warres had wrought.
 He pries, and lookes, he ransacks eu'ry vaine,
 Yet finds he nought, saue loue and louer's paine.

England's Helicon.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needlesse feare,
 With heauie smile began to plead my cause:
 In vaine, (quoth I) this endlesse grieve I beare,
 In vaine I strue to keepe thy grieuous lawes,
 If after prooffe, so often trusty found,
 Vniust suspecte condemne me as vnsound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart?
 Is this the hope on which my life is staide?
 Is this the ease of neuer ceasing smart?
 Is this the price that for my paines is paide?
 Yet better serue fierce Mars in bloudie field,
 Where death, or conquest, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I seru'd, what is my pay but paine?
 Oft haue I su'de, what gaine I but delay?
 My faithfull loue is quited with disdain,
 My grieve a game, my pen is made a play;
 Yea loue that doth in other fauour finde,
 In me is counted madnesse out of kinde.

And last of all, but grieuous most of all,
 Thy selfe, sweet Loue, hath kil'd me with suspect:
 Could loue beleeeue, that I from loue would fall?
 Is warre of force to make me loue neglect.
 No, Cupid knowes, my minde is faster set,
 Then that by warre I should my loue forget.

My Muse indeed to warre enclines her mind,
 The famous acts of worthy Brute to write:
 To whom the gods this island's rule assignde,

Which

Which long he sought by seas through Neptune's spight.
 With such conceits my busie head doth swell.
 But in my heart nought else but loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the least,
 Here shall my Muse Brute's noble loue declare :
 Here shalt thou see thy double loue increast,
 Of fairest twins that euer lady bare.
 Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
 His conquer'd armes shall be thy triumphs light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
 And I thy glory through the world will ring,
 So by my paines, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,
 And kill despaire. With that he whist his wing,
 And bid me write, and promist wished rest,
 But sore I feare false hope will be the best.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN EXCELLENT SONNET OF A NIMPH.

Vertue, beautie and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
 My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
 First, second, last, did binde, enforce and arme,
 His works, shoves, suites, with wit, grace, and vowes might.

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
 Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sence and will,

2 G ij

Till

Till wrongs contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then grieve, vnkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well groundd, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
But ah, alas, (in vaine,) my minde, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
For nothing, time nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

Finis.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A REPORT SONG IN A DREAME, BETWEENE A SHEP-
HEARD AND HIS NIMPH.

Shall we goe daunce the hay ?	The hay ?
Neuer pipe could euer play	
Better Shepheard's roundelay.	

Shall we goe sing the song ?	The song ?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong :	
Faire maides holdes hands all along.	

Shall we goe learne to woo ?	To woo ?
Neuer thought came euer to,	
Better deed could better doe.	

Shall we goe learne to kisse ?	To kisse ?
Neuer hart could euer misse,	
Comfort, where true meaning is.	

Thus

Thus at base they run,
When the sport was scarce begun :
But I awak't, and all was done.

They run,

Finis.

N. Breton.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Say that I should say, I loue ye ?
Would you say, 'tis but a saying ?
But if Loue in prayers moue ye ?
Will you not be mou'd with praying ?

Thinke I thinke that Loue should know ye ?
Will you thinke 'tis but a thinking ?
But if Loue the thought doe show ye ?
Will ye loose your eyes with winking ?

Write that I doe write you blessed,
Will you write, 'tis but a writing ?
But if truth and Loue confesse it,
Will ye doubt the true enditing ?

No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
Write, and thinke, and say your pleasure :
Loue, and Truth, and I endite it,
You are blessed out of measure.

Finis.

N. Breton.

THE LOUER'S ABSENCE KILLS ME, HER PRESENCE
KILLS ME.

The frozen snake opprest with heaped snow,
By struggling hard gets out her tender head,
And spies farre off, from where she lies below,
The winter sunne that from the north is fled.
But all in vaine she looks vpon the light,
Where heate is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in prison pent,
Long time with biting hunger ouerprest,
To see without, or smell within the sent,
Of daintie fare for others tables drest?
Yet snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,
The which (but not with sight) might comfort bring.

Such is my state, or worse if worse may be,
My heart opprest with heauie frost of care,
Debar'd of that which is most deere to me,
Kil'd vp with cold, and pin'de with euill fare,
And yet I see the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the sight doth breed my greater grieve.

So Thisbe saw her loue through the wall,
And saw thereby she wanted that she saw:
And so I see, and seeing want withall,
And wanting so, vnto my death I draw.
And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verse my hated life might end.

Finis.

Ignoto.

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S CONCEIT OF PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus, when first from beauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnseene,
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gauc it a kisse, as it like sweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shoutes and shriking shrill,
He sought his ease in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his grieve went with him still.

So silly I, with that vnwonted sight,
In humane shape, an angell from aboue:
Feeding mine eyes, th' impression there did light,
That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue,
The difference is, the Satire's lips, my heart,
He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

Finis.

S. E. D.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
 With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow.
 Fearing, and feared thus, from himselfe hee fled,
 Deeming strange cuill in that he did not know.

Such causelesse feares, when coward mindes doe take,
 It makes them flie that which they faine would haue,
 As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
 Thinking not why, but how himselfe to saue.

Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
 Of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray :
 And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
 The sweet pursute of my desired pray.
 Better like I thy Satire, dearest *Dyer*,
 Who burnt his lips to kisse faire shining fier.

Finis;

S. Phil. Sidney.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SUNNE.

Faire Nymphs, sit ye here by me,
 On this flowrie greene:
 While we this merrie day doe see,
 Some things but sildome seene.
 Shepheards all, come sit a round
 On yond checkquer'd plaine:
 While from the woods we here resound,
 Some comfort for loue's paine.
 Every bird sits on his bough,
 As brag as he that is the best.
 Then sweet Loue reueale how
 Our mindes may be at rest.
 Eccho thus replied to mee,
 Sit vnder yonder beechen tree,
 And there Loue shall shew thee
 How all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke, the nightingale,
 In her mourning lay:
 She tells her stories, wofull tale,
 To warne yee if she may.
 Faire maides take yee heede of loue,
 It is a perilous thing:
 As Philomell herselfe did proue,
 Abused by a king.
 If kings play false, belecue no men,
 That make a seemely outward show:

2 H

But

England's Helicon.

But caught once, beware then,
 'For then begins your woe,
 They will looke babies in your eyes,
 And speake so faire as faire may be :
 But trust them in no wise,
 Example take by me.

Fie, fie, said the threstle-cocke,
 You are much to blame:
 For one man's fault all men to blot,
 Impairing their good name.
 Admit you were vs'd amisse
 By that vngentle king,
 It followes not that you for this,
 Should all men's honours wring.
 There be good, and there be bad,
 And some are false, and some are true:
 As good choyse is still had
 Amongst vs men, as you
 Women haue faults as well as wee,
 Some say for our one, they haue three.
 Then smite not, nor bite not,
 When you as faultie be.

Peace, peace, quoth Madge Howlet then,
 Sitting out of sight:
 For women are as good as men,
 And both are good alike.
 Not so, said the little wrenne,
 Difference there may be,

The

The cocke always commands the henne,
 The men shall goe for me.
 Then Robbin Redbreast stepping in,
 Would needes take vp this tedious strife,
 Protesting, true louing,
 In either lengthened life.
 If I loue you, and you loue me,
 Can there be better harmonie?
 Then ending, contending,
 Loue must the vmpiere be.

Faire Nymphs, loue must be your guide,
 Chast vnspotted loue:
 To such as doe your thralls betide,
 Resolu'd without remoue.
 Likewise iolly Shepheard swaines,
 If you doe respect,
 The happy issue of your paines,
 True loue must you direct,
 You heare the birds contend for loue,
 The bubbling springs doe sing sweet loue,
 The mountaines and fountaines
 Doe eccho nought but loue.
 Take hands then Nymphes and Shepheards all
 And to this riuer's musickes fall.
 Sing true loue, and chaste loue
 Begins our festiuall.

Finis.

Shep. Tonie.

2 H ij

LOVE

LOUE THE ONELY PRICE OF LOUE.

The fairest pearles that northerne seas doe breed,
 For precious stones from easterne coasts are sold,
 Nought yeelds the earth that from exchange is freed,
 Gold values all, and all things value gold.

Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
 There greatnesse serues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare so high a price,
 But that with mortall thing it may be bought,
 The corne of Sicill buies the westerne spice,
 French wine of vs, of them our cloath is sought.
 No pearles, no gold, no stones, no corne, no spice,
 No cloath, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
 Nought saue itselfe, eu'n such a thing is loue.
 All worldly wealth in worth as farre doth faile,
 As lowest earth doth yeeld to heau'n above.
 Diuine is loue, and scorneth worldly pelfe,
 And can be bought with nothing, but with selfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
 Such is the pay thy loue doth claime as due.
 Thy due is loue, which I (poore I) assay,
 In vaine assay to quite with friendship true:
 True is my loue, and true shall euer be,
 And truest loue is farre too base for thee.

Loue

Loue but thy selfe, and loue thy selfe alone,
 For saue thy selfe, none can thy loue requite:
 All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,
 My small desert must take a lower flight.
 Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such blisse,
 Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

Finis.

Ignoto.

COLIN, THE ENAMOURED SHEPHEARD, SINGETH THIS
 PASSION OF LOUE.

O gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
 Thou makest my heart,
 A bloodie marke,
 With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft, sweet loue, for feare thou shoote amisse,
 For feare too keene,
 Thy arrowes beene,
 And hit the heart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
 Shall be so blest,
 Among the rest;
 That loue shall ceaze on her by simpathie.

2 H iij

Then

England's Helicon.

Then since with lone my prayers beare no boote,
 This doth remaine,
 To ease my paine,
 I take the wound, and die at Venus foote.

*Finis.**Geo. Peele.*

OENONES COMPLAINT IN BLANKE VERSE.

Melpomene the muse of tragicke songs,
 With mournfull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
 Assist a silly Nymph to waile her woe,
 And leaue thy lustie company behind.

This lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
 The poplar tree for triumph of my loue,
 Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left,
 Be thou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
 And then some gentle winde let blow abroad,
 That all the world may see, how false of loue,
 False Paris hath to his Oenone beene.

*Finis.**Geo. Peele.*

THE

THE SHEPHEARD'S CONSORT.

Hark iolly Shepheards,
 Harke yond lustie ringing,
 How cheerefully the bells daunce,
 The whilst the lads are springing?
 Goe we then, why sit we here delaying?
 And all yond merrie wanton lasses playing?
 How gaily Flora leades it,
 And sweetly treades it?
 The woods and groues they ring,
 Louely resounding
 With ecchoes sweet rebounding.

Finis.

Out of M. Morley's Madrigals.

THIRIS PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESSE.

On a hill that grac'd the plaine,
 Thiris sate, a comely swaine,
 Comelier swaine nere grac'd a hill:
 Whilst his flocke that wandred nie,
 Cropt the greene grasse busilie,
 Thus he tun'd his oaten quill.

Ver hath made the pleasant field,
 Many seu'rall odours yeeld,
 Odors aromaticall

2 H iij

From

From faire Astra's cherrie lip,
Sweeter smells for euer skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leaue groues now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting
Notes that make the eccho's long :
But when Astra tunes her voyce,
All the mirthfull birds reioyce,
And are list'ning to her song.

Fairely spreads the damaske rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pensils cannot faine :
Yet if Astra passe the bush,
Roses haue beene scene to blush,
She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie,
With his beames all quick'ning fire :
Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heate in hearts of stones,
And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
Birds make happy eu'ry groue,
She each bird when she doth sing,
Phœbus heate to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in loue.

Those

England's Pellicon.

241

Those blessings of the earth, we swaines doe call,
Astra can blesse those blessings earth and all.

Finis.

W. Browne.

A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINEFULL LOUE.

Now haue I learn'd with much adoe at last,
By true disdaine to kill desire;
This was the marke at which I shot so fast;
Vnto this height I did aspire.
Proud Loue, now doe thy worst, and spare not;
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
I feele no heate in all thy fire.
Goe charge thy bowes, and get a stronger;
Goe breake thy shafts, and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton eyes allure:
These are but toyes, for them that loue to gaze;
I knowe what harme thy lookes procure:
Some strange conceit must be deuised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

Finis.

Ignoto.

AN EPITHALAMIUM OR A NUPTIAL SONG, APPLIED
TO THE CEREMONIES OF MARRIAGE.

Sunne ri- Aurora's blush (the ensigne of the day)
sing. Hath wak't the god of light, from Tython's bowre,
Who on our bride, and bridegroom doth display
His golden beames, auspicious to this howre.

Strewing Now busie maydens strew sweet flowres,
of flow- Much like our bride in virgin state;
ers. Now fresh, then prest, soone dying,
The death is sweet, and must be yours,
Time goes on crutches till that date,
Birds fledg'd must needes be flying.
Leade on while Phœbus lights, and Hymen's fires
Enflame each heart with zeale to Ioues desires.
Chorus. Io to Hymen, Pœans sing
To Hymen and my Muses king. .

Going to Forth honour'd groome; behold, not farre behind,
church. Your willing bride; led by two strengthlesse boyes;
Bride For Venus doues, or thred but single twin'd
Boyes. May draw a virgin, light in marriage ioyes.
Vesta growes pale, her flame expires
As yee come vnder Iuno's phane
To offer at Ioues shrine
The simpathie of hearts desires,
Knitting the knot, that doth containe
Two soules, in gordian twine.
The rites are done; and now (as tis the guise)
Loue's fast by day a feast must solemnize.

Chorus.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, Pæans sing,
To Hymen, and my Muses king.

The board being spread, furnisht with various plenties; Dinner;
The bride's faire object in the middle plac'd;
While she drinkes nectar, eates ambrosiall dainties,
And like a goddesse is admir'd and grac'd:
Bacchus and Ceres fill their veines;
Each heart begins to ope a vent;
And now the healths goe round;
Their bloods are warm'd; chear'd are their braines;
All doe applaud their loues consent;
So Loue with cheare is crown'd.
Let sensuall soules ioy in full bowles, sweet dishes,
True hearts and tongues accord in ioyfull wishes.
Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Now whiles slow howres doe feede the time's delay, After-
Confus'd discourse, with musicke mixt among, noone.
Fills vp the semy-circle of the day; Musicke.
Now drawes the date our louers wish'd so long.
A bounteous hand the board hath spred, Supper.
Lyeus stirres their bloods a-new;
All iouiall full of cheare;
But Phœbus see, is gone to bed; Sunne set.
Loe Hesperus appeares in view,
And twinckles in his sphere.
Now ne plus ultra; end as you begin;
Ye waste good howres: time lost in loue is sin.
Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

2 I ij

Break

Breake off your complement; musick be dombe;
 And pull your cases o'er your fiddles eares;
 Cry not, a hall, a hall, but chamber-roome,
 Dauncing is lame, youth's old at twentie yeares;
 Going to Matrons, yee know what followes next;
 bed. Conduct the shamefac'd bride to bed,
 (Though to her little rest)
 Yee well can comment on the text,
 And in loue's learning deeply read,
 Advise and teach the best.
 Forward's the word; y' are all so in this arrant;
 Wiues giue the word; their husbands giue the warrant.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Modestie Now droopes our bride, and in her virgin state,
 in the Seemes like Electra 'mongst the Pleyades;
 Bride. So shrinkes a mayde when her Herculean mate
 Must plucke the fruit in her Hesperides.
 As she's a bride, she glorious shines,
 Like Cynthia, from the sunne's bright sphære,
 Attracting all men's eyes;
 But as she's virgin, waines, and pines,
 As to the man, she approcheth neere;
 So mayden glory dies.
 But virgin beames no reall brightnesse render,
 If they doe shine, in darke to shew their splendor.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Then let the darke foyle of the geniall bed
 Extend her brightnesse to his inward sight;
 And by his sence he will be easily led

To

To know her vertue, by the absent light.
 Youths, take his poynts ; your wonted right : Bride
 And maydens, take your due, her garters ; poynts
 Take hence the lights, be gone ; garters.
 Loue calls to armes, duell his fight ;
 They all remoue out of his quarters,
 And leaue them both alone :
 That with substantiall heate, they may embrace,
 And know Loue's essence, with his outward grace.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Hence Iealousie, riual to Loue's delight,
 Sowe not thy seede of strife in these two harts ;
 May neuer cold affect, or spleenefull spight
 Confound this musicke of agreeing parts :
 But time (that steales the virtuall heate
 Where nature keeps the vitall fire)
 (My heart speakes in my tongue)
 Supply with fewell life's chiefe seate,
 Through the strong feruour of desire ;
 Loue, liuing ; and liue long.
 And eu'n as thunder riseth gainst the winde,
 So may yee fight with age ; and conquer kinde.
 Chorus. Io to Hymen ; Pæans sing
 To Hymen, and my muses king.

Finis.

Christopher Brooke.

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